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IN AND OUT  
OF  
THE HOMES OF INDIA

*By Ada Lee.*

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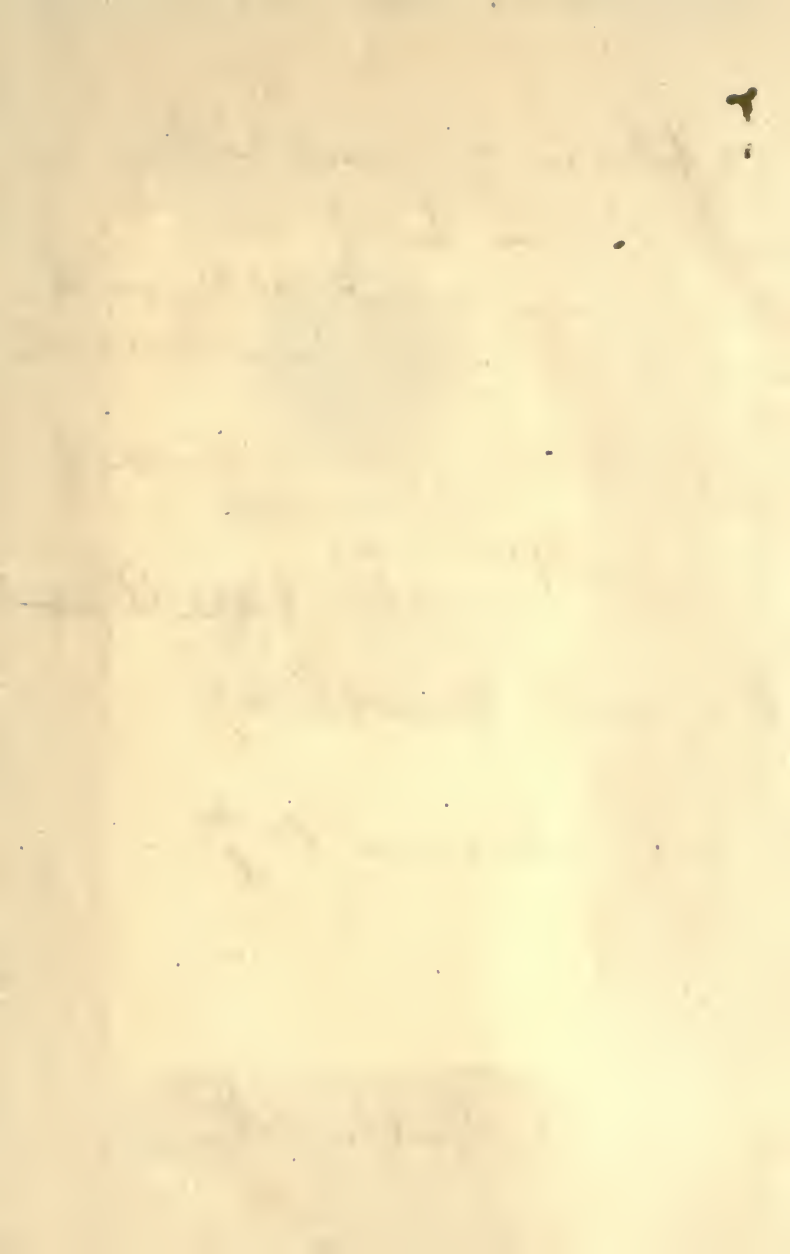
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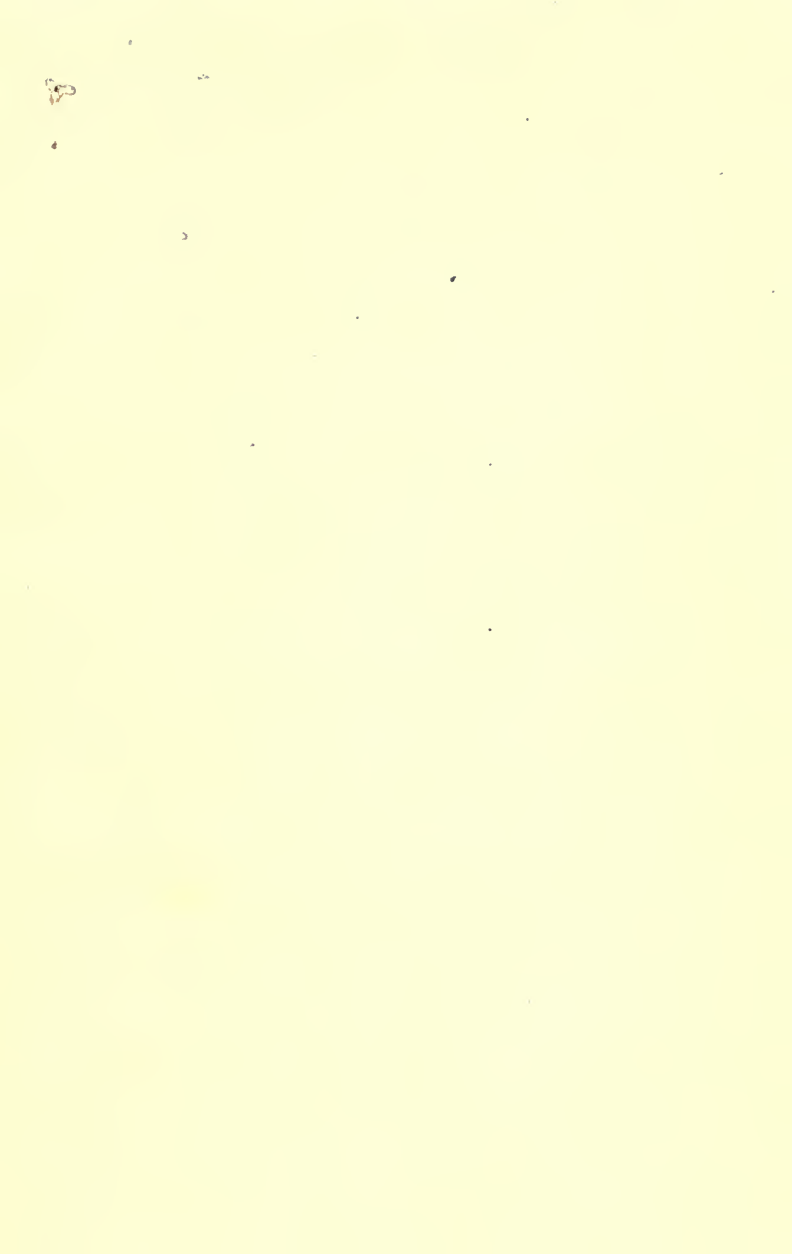
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Ada Lee.







ADA LEE AND HER BABY FRANK.

# IN AND OUT OF THE HOMES OF INDIA

BY

ADA LEE

AUTHOR OF "SEVEN HEROIC CHILDREN- OR THE  
BRIGHT SIDE OF THE DARJEELING  
DISASTER," "CHUNDRA LELA,—  
A CONVERTED PRIESTESS."

&c.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

PEOPLE OF INDIA

BY





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DEDICATION.

TO THE MANY FRIENDS WHO WORK AND PRAY  
FOR THE PEOPLE OF INDIA  
AND GIVE OF THEIR MEANS TO SEND THEM THE GOSPEL  
IS THIS BOOK DEDICATED  
IN THE HOPE THAT IT MAY SERVE TO ENCOJRAGE SUCH  
AND STIMULATE OTHERS TO A  
MORE ACTIVE PART IN THIS BLESSED SERVICE.

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A BEAUTIFUL SPOT.

## PREFACE.

IN answer to many calls from Mission Study Classes, Sunday School Superintendents, Leaders of Young Peoples' Societies, and Mission Circles for something fresh from the field I have put together the following sketches from my own experience in my work among the people.

THE AUTHOR.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

*June 29th 1909.*

## CHAPTER

THE first of the two main parts of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject, and the second part is devoted to a detailed study of the various aspects of the subject. The first part is divided into two chapters, the first of which is devoted to a general survey of the subject, and the second part is devoted to a detailed study of the various aspects of the subject. The first part is divided into two chapters, the first of which is devoted to a general survey of the subject, and the second part is devoted to a detailed study of the various aspects of the subject.

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## INTRODUCTION.

Christian people studying Missions, in the Homeland, will be greatly helped in arriving at a correct understanding of the abject misery of the Christless world, and the value of Foreign Missions, through the testimony of such a competent and expert witness as Ada Lee, the author of this book. Some tourists, after visiting Foreign Mission fields testify, "I have been in a certain Mission field and I saw very few Native Christians, and I believe that the work of Missions is almost a failure." Other tourists, who go to Mission fields, prejudiced against Missions and Missionaries, come home enthusiastic advocates, provided they have taken the time and the trouble to investigate Missionary work. Returned Missionaries always testify, "We know there is successful Mission work, and that there are thousands of Native Christians." Therefore in estimating the value of the conflicting testimony of those tourists who represent Missions as a failure, would it not be well to ask them some such questions as "How much effort did you put forth to see Native Christians?" "How much time did you give to investigating the work of Missionaries?" "Did you ever ask a Missionary to take you into a Native Christian village?" "Have you ever conversed with a Native Pastor, or asked him to take you to a Native Christian service?"

Suppose a foreigner, not knowing the English language should visit America for about six weeks, the average length of time that a Globe-trotter gives to India. He engages an irreligious interpreter, visits the

Niagara falls, sees the sights, puts up in a first class hotel in New York, attends the theatre, visits Chicago, sees the stock yards, the Sunday beer gardens, and takes a hasty trip to a few other places, hearing only his irreligious interpreter's version of affairs in America. Could he be a competent witness, concerning the Christian homes and Christian work being done on the American continent? On his return to his Native land should he and a Christian minister from America meet on a Mission platform, which of the two could give the most intelligent and reliable information concerning Christian work on the American continent?

Sir Andrew Fraser, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the most populous province in India, a son of a Presbyterian Missionary, and an earnest Christian worker, who was all his life intimately associated with Missionaries, after his retirement from a full Government term of Indian service, at a great Missionary meeting held in London, told an incident, illustrating the necessity of a personal knowledge of Missionary work to make one competent to give reliable evidence concerning Missions. He said, "A Missionary, who was a friend of mine was travelling in India, without any particular clerical sign, wearing a kind of khaki, and might have been mistaken for anything, perhaps even for a sportsman. He got into the train with a gentleman who was returning from sport; and they had a long talk. The genial Missionary thoroughly entered into the spirit of his companion's sporting anecdotes. Soon after that they got to speaking about the people of the country and gradually they dropped on the subject of Missions. This young officer said that he had been some years in the country and did not think there was very much in Mission work for he had not seen anything like a really

good Christian Church. ' Well ' said my old friend, ' that was precisely what occurred to me in regard to your stories about sport. I have been thirty years in the country and I have never seen a tiger ; and a doubt occurred to me, as to whether your stories might not be untrue, absolutely without foundation.' The young officer was rather inclined to be angry, but the Missionary went on, ' I turned that away from my mind at once. I said "No this gentleman is telling me what he knows and what he has seen ; I have not seen it, and know nothing about it, but accept his evidence." I can tell you, (he said) of many a fine Christian character among the Native Christians. I can tell you of successful work. You have never seen it and you know nothing about it but you must take it from me.' "

I esteem it a great privilege to furnish an introduction to this collection of instructive and thrilling personal experiences written by Ada Lee, a talented and divinely commissioned Missionary, and the author of *Chundra Lela*. Her maiden name was Ada Jones, but is now the wife of Rev. D. H. Lee, of Calcutta. They are both widely known throughout the Christian world, because of their great sorrow, caused by the loss of their six lovely children in the Darjeeling disaster, and the marvellous work done in the " Lee Memorial Mission " of Calcutta.

In the 111th Psalm we read, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." When we seek for enlarged knowledge on any particular subject, we naturally turn to a specialist who has taken "pleasure therein." The same principle applies to greater knowledge of Missionary work. Whether or not Ada Lee has taken sufficient pleasure in Missions to fit her to give the Home Church a larger

and more accurate knowledge of Mission work, the reader may judge as he ponders the following brief outline of her call to India, and her services as a Missionary.

The childhood days of Ada Jones were spent in a home of piety in West Virginia, where she early began to read Missionary literature. She received her primary education in a country school and later took her College course by working her own way through College. During her first year she was powerfully convicted of sin, and surrendered to Christ, passing from a terrible sense of sin, "Into the bright sunlight and glorious liberty of the children of God." Soon after receiving this Apostolic type of conversion, a clear conviction came to her that she was divinely called to be a Missionary in India. She however, even after such a clear conversion, and undoubted call, had a long and hard struggle with herself before she was ready to obey the heavenly vision. Concerning how she got the victory she writes, "One day I fell down on my knees in submission to God, and said 'Lord I will go anywhere.' " Six months later she had typhoid fever, and went nigh unto death, and one day as a cold chill passed over her, she asked an aunt, "Is this death?" The aunt softly answered "Yes, are you afraid?" She writes "I answered, 'No,' and then God seemed to say to me 'If you live, will you live for India?' and I answered back 'India or heaven, whichever be thy will, Oh! my Father.' "

Shortly after this entire consecration of her whole young life to God for Missions, Ada Jones started for India, arriving in 1876, and was married during 1881. She writes concerning her journey that "On my way out I received the blessing of perfect love, and took the Holy Spirit as my sanctifier." This experience marked



the completion of her spiritual preparation to begin a Missionary career. Because of her husband's ill health she was compelled to spend some years in America, but they were spent in incessant use of her annointed tongue and pen for India.

Her love for work, and loyalty to her call was severely tested on the 25th of September 1899, when her six beloved children were taken to the heavenly world through the terrible landslide at Darjeeling, in the Hymalaya Mountains. The mother was at that time, at her Mission work in Calcutta, several hundred miles distant from Darjeeling, where the children were away from the Calcutta heat, in a mountain school. It was mine to be among those who had to break the heart rending news to the most affectionate mother. Could I ever forget that night? Mrs. Lee fell into her husband's arms, pale and cold as death. For a time her breathing was scarcely perceptible, then in agony with hands rising and falling at her side, she moaned for her children, calling them by name, all through the long hours of that dreadful night of fiery testing; but during the whole night not a word escaped her lips looking toward disobeying or regretting her call to be a Missionary, or toward, at this awful crisis, giving up her work. Nor a suggestion that it might not have happened if she had not obeyed the call and come to India. As soon as she returned from the funeral at Darjeeling, she took right hold and continued her Missionary work for her beloved Bengali girls, widows, and women.

Further, the things about which this, queen among Missionary women, writes, are not matters of theory or hearsay, but things which she herself has seen and heard and felt, and therefore what she has written in this book about such heathen customs as Caste, Child Marriage,

Child Wives, Child Mothers, Child Widows, Lifelong enforced Widowhood, and Heathen Melas, are horrors that have been burned into her very soul for many years. On the other hand, what she writes about the blessings of Christianity in India, through Day Schools, Bible Women, and her various interesting stories about rescued lives, such as "The Jewel from the Jungle," she tells of the things that have gone on under her own eyes. Any who could have been with us on March 23rd, at the laying of the Corner Stone of the main building of the "Lee Memorial Mission" and have seen the magnificent plant for Mission work as a Memorial to the six translated children and seen the hundreds of happy Bengali girls who had been rescued, as famine waifs, or as child widows, from the horrors of heathenism, and heard them sing with joy and enthusiasm, "Yisu nam, Yisu nam, Yisu nam," the chorus of a song of victory to Jesus, would be ready to sit at the feet of Mrs. Lee and listen to anything that she might say either about the horrors of heathenism or the victories of Missions. One American lady who was present, who is a student of Missions from the Home land, looked on in wonder and admiration, weeping for joy that the Lee memorial Mission was bringing about such marvellous transformations in the heart of this heathen city.

Truly in introducing the writings of Ada Lee, I not only introduce one whose testimony can absolutely be depended upon as entirely true, but one who has worked for many years in the very heart of Calcutta, one of the greatest fields for zenana work in the Non-Christian world, and therefore her Missionary experiences have been in the very midst of the sufferings connected with the awful customs of child marriage, motherhood and widowhood, and the terrible secrets of zenana society.



sion. She has therefore had opportunities for knowing the inner workings of heathenism such as are given but to one out of many millions.

The book will prove to be an exceedingly valuable contribution to Missionary literature because it is made up of short, charmingly written chapters of real Missionary experiences, that can be used to great advantage on a great variety of occasions. One who has seen the manuscript says, "The book will be used in thousands of pulpits." A chapter at a time can easily be read, and with profit, at young people's meetings, Missionary gatherings, for either men or women, Drawing Room meetings, Sunday Schools and Mission Study Classes, and to all be full of interest and profit, giving the supporters of Missions very vivid pictures of real Mission conditions and "things as they are." I rejoice that this book is being published at this time when the Churches, through the great Laymen's movement, and in other ways are calling for first hand knowledge of the real conditions of the Christless world, and of the efficiency of foreign Missions. With admiration for the author, and enthusiasm for, "In and Out of the Homes of India" I heartily commend it to all who are interested throughout the whole Christian world.

FRANK W. WARNE.

Lucknow, April 7th, 1908.







THE EVERLASTING SNOWS.

# IN AND OUT OF THE HOMES OF INDIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INDIA.—THE PROVINCE OF BENGAL.

India is a beautiful country. Her broad plains are dotted, here and there, with mango topes and wide-spreading banyan trees; while her thatched roofed villages lie, in great numbers, half hidden among the stately palms. Here a river where float many crude and strange barks, and on the banks of which gathers many a weary pilgrim; there a lake glistening in the sunshine, on whose bosom floats in great profusion the sacred lotus. Towering over this densely populated country, as sentinels of the ages, are the loftiest mountains in the world, the Himalayas. These afford to the lover of nature most varied and beautiful scenery. Here grows the rhododendron, the queen of the flowering trees. Over our head is a canopy of luxuriant vegetation, such as is seldom seen in any land; mountain oaks covered with hanging moss, ferns, and orchids of many colors, each tree forming a flower garden of its own; while under our feet is a rich carpet of lacipodium and stag moss. Mountain after mountain looms up from behind each other, while fleecy clouds nestle in between.

One day I stood high up on the mountain side and enjoyed a storm at my feet. I saw the lightning flash in the clouds below, and heard the thunder roar; while all about me was the bright sunshine. Oh, that we may learn the lesson in our spiritual life of living above the clouds, and basking continually in the sunlight of God's love! In the distance may be seen the higher ranges covered with the everlasting snows, and lifting their crystal peaks into the deep blue of heaven. As we gaze on the magnificent sight, we are reminded of the pearly gates of the Beautiful City. Never was it more truly said of any country than of this, "Here every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

India contains about 300,000,000 people. Bengal is her largest Province, with an area of 151,185 square miles, and containing a population of 80,000,000, nearly as many people as the whole of the United States,—less than one half a million of whom are Christians; the other 79,500,000 are without Christ. This will give our people some idea of the work yet to be done in this one province alone. Calcutta is the largest city of Bengal, and the capital of India. It contains about one million people, given up for the most part to idolatry, as its name indicates. Calcutta is the Bengali name *Kalighat* anglicized, which means the bathing place of the black goddess *Kali*. The temple of this goddess is found on the outskirts of the city; and is not noted for its beauty, but is a picture of darkness and wretchedness, a fit emblem of the religion it represents. To this present temple throngs of pilgrims continually wend their way, and have for the last three hundred years. *Kali*, sometimes called the bloody goddess, is supposed to be the wife of *Siva*, the god of destruction. "She is represented as a black or dark



A WATERFALL IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.





blue woman, with four arms. In one hand she has a sword, in another the head of the giant she has slain, with the two others she is encouraging her worshippers. For earrings she has two dead bodies; she wears a necklace of skulls. Her only clothing is a girdle made of dead men's hands; and her tongue protrudes from her mouth. Her eyes are red as those of drunkards, and her breasts are besmeared with blood. She stands with one foot on the thigh, and the other on the breast of her husband." The sacred books say that "after her victory over the giant, she danced for joy so furiously that the earth trembled beneath her weight." It was before this hideous idol that the thugs of India whetted their knives, and asked her blessing upon their murderous deeds. And, to-day, the mothers of India carry their babes to her shrine, and, laying them prostrate before the idol, press their little faces to the dust, and thus teach them to worship this horrible object, instead of the true God who made them.

The people of Bengal are a beautiful race of light olive color and graceful form, with good intellects, capable of taking the highest education. They are, for the most part, small in stature, with little feet and hands. The men go with their feet shod and with bare heads; while the women cover their heads and faces, and never wear shoes, but wear anklets, and rings on their toes. They have many fine traits of character, but are bound by sad customs, rigorous caste, and religious rules which make them, in many parts, difficult to reach and help.

It has been said that the women of Bengal love their children more passionately than the mothers of other nations. This may be so; but I rather think that they show more blind love for their children because they have so little else to love. There is not the com-

panionship between husband and wife among them, as exists in other lands. Woman is considered so much man's inferior that it is not possible for her to be one with him. There is no home life; in fact, there is no such word in the Bengali language as *home*. They have *baree* or *ghar*, meaning a house or place of abode. The man and wife never eat together. He eats first and she after, usually eating what remains on his plate. They usually eat on the floor, sitting on a little mat or board, and eating off of brass plates with their fingers, using the right hand only. This is their native custom which they greatly enjoy. Superstitious fear makes life full of anxiety and bitterness. I often find a little boy with long hair done up like a little old woman, and dressed like a girl. I ask, "Why do you dress your boy like a girl? Why do you not shave his head and dress him like other boys?" The answer is, "All our first sons have died. *Yama* (the god of death) does not care so much for girls; so we are cheating him, leading him to think our boy is a girl." Sometimes I find a boy eight or ten years old without a name. When asked why, they will say, "If we name our boy, *Yama* will learn his name, and call him away from us." They do not like you to praise their children, or to speak of their "beautiful, healthy baby," lest you cast an evil eye upon it, and the baby sickens and dies. We can, however, by careful study, learn how not to offend, and how to win by love.

Child marriage is practiced here in its most terrible form, the man seldom marrying until from eighteen to twenty-five; and then he marries a little girl from four to nine years of age. The upper classes of women are shut up in the *zenana*; and, until of late years, women of all

classes were uneducated ; and, even now, the masses are illiterate. Bengal is still unevangelized. Some districts of several millions have but one or two, if any, missionaries ; and hundreds of villages have never had the Gospel. Our hearts ache for the many little children who never have enough to eat ; and for the mothers, full of ignorance and superstition, with so few of the necessities, and none of the comforts of life, who live in these villages and crowded parts of our cities. We are appalled at the steady march into eternity every day of those who know not God. How we long to reach and save as many as possible in this dark land ! Will you not help, sisters ? Ask God to show you how.

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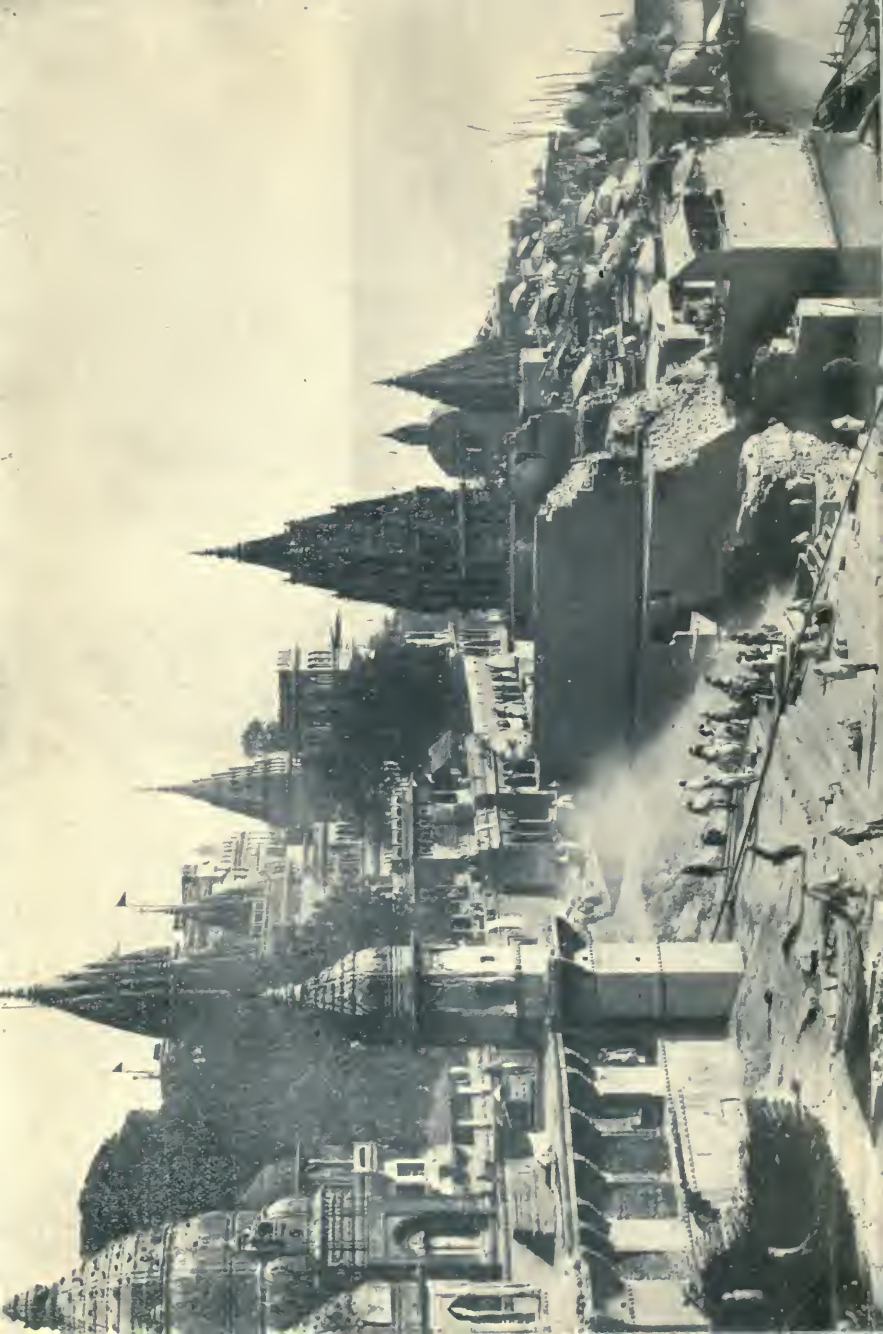
## CHAPTER II.

### HINDU MYTHOLOGY.— KRISHNAISM.

India has been called the “ Land of Temples,” and, when we take into consideration that a sacred tree becomes a temple, or a spot along the roadside may be chosen and a stone god set up and become a place of worship, India surely is full of temples. India is not only full of temples of all sizes and grades, but all over the land are the sacred trees and the spots and places of worship.

Some of the leading temples are the following : Kali-ghat, in honor of the goddess Kali, which is situated in Calcutta, the capital of India ; then the Doorga, or Monkey Temple, at Benares, which is the sacred city of the Hindoos. This city is wholly given up to idolatry, whither pilgrims come from all parts of India. The temple of Jagannath is at Puri, which is found in Orissa, and to which thousands of pilgrims go every year during the Car Festival. One in the extreme south of India is Ramnath, which is in honor of the god Ram ; on the north, the twin temples Kedarnath and Badrinath ; and on the west the temple of Dwarkanath. This last is the scene of the sports and sinful doings of Krishna ; and millions of pilgrims visit this place. And one does not wonder when it is written of it : “ Whoever visits that holy shrine, the place where Krishna pursued his sports, is liberated from all sins.” These four last shrines, situated at the four points of the compass, are the shrines to which the widows make the pilgrimage call ‘*Chardom*,’ which pilgrimage, when







completed, is said to liberate them from the sin which caused the death of their husbands.

It would be impossible in this chapter to describe all these temples, and the idol-worship practised in them ; neither could we give a treatise on Hindoo mythology. The stories of the Vedas and the sacred books of the Hindoos are so mythical and disconnected, and contain such a variety of accounts of impossible things connected with the gods, that it is difficult to settle upon any one story or belief. But we find one phase of Hindoo mythology, Krishnaism, being taught in the Christian land of America, that I feel sure our people would never tolerate if they knew the vile doctrine underlying, and disguised by beautiful oratory.

In our work among the bigoted and ignorant people of India, even among the women, while telling them of Christ, and speaking of Him as the Saviour of the world, quite frequently some old woman will say, "Oh, that is our Krishna." We who know the story of Krishna, as believed in by the Hindoos, are compelled at this juncture to stop and explain to them the difference between the awful life of Krishna and the pure and holy life of our Saviour. But when we speak of the sin of Krishna, the answer usually is, "Oh, but he was a god. Those things were not sins when committed by him." Or, "Has not a god the right to do as he pleases?" Others more enlightened and who are honest, not only admit these acts committed by Krishna as being vile, but are ashamed of them.

The Hindoos believe in a triad, or three grand divisions among the gods. The first is Brahm, the god of creation ; the second, Vishnu, the god of preservation ; the third, Siva, the god of destruction. Each one of these has a number of incarnations, and wives with

their incarnations ; so that, in Hindoo mythology, the gods are represented as going to war with each other, practising polygamy, and becoming intoxicated, as in their Puranas, for example, Vishnu and Siva are both spoken of as guilty of lying, stealing, adultery, and every other sin committed by man.

Krishna is the eighth incarnation of Vishnu. One of the accounts of his incarnation is as follows :

“It is said that Kansa, king of Muttra, was a great enemy to cows and Brahmans. Concerning this the gods sought the assistance of Vishnu who, listening to their request, plucked off two hairs from his head, which he said would assume incarnations and destroy Kansa. The white hair became Balarama, and the black one, Krishna. Krishna was the eighth son of Vasudeva. A voice from heaven had told Kansa that he should die by the hand of the eighth son of Vasudeva, and he therefore sought to destroy all his male children. Krishna, born at midnight, had a very dark skin. The gods lulled the guards to sleep and the father, stealing out undiscovered, went across the Jumna River with the child. There he found the cart and oxen of a herdsman named Nanda, whose wife had an infant female child, which he took away, and left instead his own son Krishna. He was taken to the village of Gokula, and there spent his childhood. Many wonderful stories are told of the childhood of Krishna. He and his companions, the children of the herdsmen, amused themselves by going into the houses when the people were out, and stealing the butter, eating some of it, and throwing away the rest. When he would be caught in these acts, he would deny them, placing the blame on other persons.”



One of the forms in which Krishna is worshipped is as a boy with a lump of butter in his hand that he has just stolen. Another form is that of Krishna standing on the head of a snake, and drawing its body up over his head. This represents Krishna destroying the snake king. One of the well-known stories of Krishna is that of his stealing the clothes of the milkmaids, when they were in bathing; and obliging them to come to him naked. He used also to dance and sport with them. He is also accused of taking by force the herdsman's wife, Rukmini. He is said to have had eight queens and sixteen thousand wives. His history is full of accounts of evil and sensuality; and, in speaking of him, he is often called the "profligate god." The annual festival in honor of Krishna is so vile and degrading that, in many parts of the city, it is impossible for women to pass through the streets without being insulted. Impure songs and acts are performed, and drunkenness is permitted in the name of Krishna on that day, often by persons who would not be guilty of such deeds at any other time. In some places the chief priests, called Maharajas, are regarded as incarnations of Krishna. Men and women prostrate themselves at their feet, offering them incense, fruits, and flowers, and waving lights above them. It is believed that the best way of propitiating Krishna in Heaven is by ministering to the sensual appetites of the Maharajas. Body, soul, and property are to be wholly made over to them. Women are taught to believe that the highest bliss will be secured to themselves and their families by intercourse with the Maharajas.

Rich merchants, as shown in a trial in 1862, gave their wives and daughters to be prostitutes to men who had ruined their health by debauchery, as an act of

religious merit. Some of the most disgusting and filthy ceremonies take place in the temples dedicated to his honor. It is said that whoever sits in the holy shrine, the place where Krishna pursued his sports, is liberated from all sin.

The money obtained in these temples is spent in maintaining a host of idle, able-bodied vagabonds. The vast majority are corrupt to the core. They are a festering mass of crime and vice and gigantic swindling. To these temples are dedicated innocent babes, little girls who become the dancing girls of the temples; and, next to the priests, they are the most important persons connected with the temples. They are called 'Devadasi,' servants or slaves of the gods. They are bred to this profligate life from their infancy, are taken from many castes, and, are frequently, of respectable birth. This is often the result of a vow the mother has made before the birth of the child. The infamous life to which the daughter is destined brings no disgrace on the family, because all is done in the name of religion. Just think of the licensed sin and profligacy sanctioned by the Hindoo religion! And, to this day, when a *raja* a petty king, wishes to honor, or entertain a visitor, these nautch girls are summoned to please the people with their disgusting and alluring movements.

All this, and much more that cannot be written, is done in honor of Krishna, who is preached in certain cities of America to large companies as the true Saviour. Large congregations gather to hear these wonderful orations, at the close of which there is a sea of fluttering handkerchiefs in the hands of the ladies of the congregation, giving a Chautauqua salute to those advocating this higher philosophy and meditative nothingness. And it seems almost impossible to believe, but it is

true, that many women have become the followers and disciples of these swamis from the Orient, some of them having come with them to India. What will become of our American men and women, if they will allow themselves to be led away by such deception?

The temples of India and the Jagannath Cars are often covered with the most indecent and disgusting pictures and carvings. Some of the human figures are most obscene. The penal code of India contains the following law against obscene books and pictures: No. 292—"Whoever sells or distributes, imports, or prints for sale, or hire, or willfully exhibits to public view, any obscene book, pamphlet, paper, drawing, painting, representation, or figure, or attempts, or offers to do so, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for the term which may extend to three months; or with fine, or with both." To prevent the prosecution of Hindoo temples, the following exemption had to be made: "This Section does not extend to any representation sculptured, engraved, painted or otherwise represented, on or in any temple, or on any car used for the conveyance of idols, or kept, or used for any religious purpose."

There are said to be about one hundred and twenty dancing girls connected with the temple of Jagannath, who dance for the amusement of the god after his meals. In a memorial to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, it was said that they, "are greatly needed in *pujas* and the auspicious performances; and the entertainment of them is closely connected with the management of temples and shrines; from which it is evident that their existence is so related to the Hindoo religion, that its ceremonies cannot be fully performed without them."

How can the votaries of such a religion be pure? And how sad it is to bring such a religion into a Congress for comparison with the holy Christian religion. If our people could see the condition of the women and the people of India, through the influence of these awful doctrines, how their hearts would ache for them! and everything possible would be done to press forward to the regions beyond; the Gospel would soon reach every creature, bringing with it light, purity, and happiness, and giving to its followers the blessed hope of Heaven.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE INFLUENCE OF CASTE.

It is difficult to understand the caste system of India, and to realize the influence it exerts. We are told that there are four grand divisions in caste ; and that Brahma, the creator, originated caste by creating first, from his head, the Brahmans ; who are superior to all other people in India, and considered especially holy. This caste is subdivided into the priestly, kingly, etc. He next created from his chest and arms the warrior caste, the Kshattriyas ; they, in turn, are subdivided. And from his thighs he created the agriculturists, which have been subdivided, taking in all trades as well as the farmers. And the fourth, the Sudras, he created from his feet. They, too, are made up of a number of different classes. Even the outcastes have their class distinctions. Although this system is elastic, so as to take back offenders by certain ceremonies, and is becoming more so in later years, still it binds the people with iron power. They cannot inter-marry one caste with another ; they will not eat or drink together ; one will not take food that has been prepared by a lower caste ; and they are very much opposed to touching, in any way, a caste beneath them. None but those who live among them, as we do, can realize the cruelty, pride, and jealousy this generates.

I remember a number of years ago when, on account of famine in another part of India, the price of rice had

doubled, the poor who never have enough to eat at any time, were suffering severely in our cities. Some of the more respectable families, who were above begging, would not make known their wants, and suffered the greatest. I was passing along the street of a native city, going to my zenana work, when a poor woman, with her *sari* drawn down over her face, was staggering along the street. The sun was very hot. I watched her a few moments, until suddenly she dropped to the ground. I went to her and found she had fainted. There was tied up in her *sari* a handful of rice that she had purchased in the bazaar. In her hands there were a few sticks she had gathered. She was evidently on her way home to cook her morsel of food. She was unconscious, and too heavy for me to lift out of the street. I went to the nearest bystander and said, "Do help me lift this woman into the shade." He looked at me with scorn and said, "She is of a lower caste than I; I cannot touch her." I went to another and was told the same; and to a third, who said to me, "Do you not know our custom? We do not touch lower caste people." Then I asked what her caste was, and persuaded those who were gathering about to aid me in finding someone of the right caste. It was half-an-hour or more, before I succeeded in finding someone who would help me lift the poor woman into a place of shelter from the burning rays of the sun. I examined her and found that she had fainted through hunger; and I thought if I could get her a cup of milk, it would nourish her sooner than anything else I could give her. I asked for milk; no one seemed to have any, although there was a crowd about me. I went to this stall and that, in the bazaar, and they said, "We do not deal in milk; we do not belong to that caste." It took me sometime, before I



found the *gwalla* (one whose business it is to attend cattle and deal in milk). After getting the milk, I could find no one who would administer it; so, kneeling down beside her and lifting her head, with some difficulty, I succeeded in getting her to swallow it. I was nearly two hours in finding her home, and people of her caste to help me take her there. Had I not been present, she would likely have lain there in the street and died before anyone would have touched her. And then, after death, there is only a certain class of outcastes that touch a dead body.

I remember, once, a woman bringing to our door two starving children, and begging for money for food. I said to her, "I have milk in the house, just fresh. Do give your babies a drink." "Ah!", she said, "you are not of my caste. I cannot take it from your hands; but give me the money, that I may go and buy it." And the mother, dearly as she loved her babies, would have allowed them to die, rather than to break caste by their taking food that had been in our house, and from my hands.

Years ago, when we began to open up day-schools for children, it was very difficult, indeed, to get different castes to come to the same school. But education and the desire for learning, as well as the railroads and other modes of travel, have done much to break down some of those prejudices, until now we have a number of different castes sitting together in the same class in school. Among our large number of day pupils, we have all castes, but I would not dare to give one of them a drink of water; it would break up our schools. So we are compelled to keep a woman of a caste from whose hands all the different castes will take water. It is her

business to gather the children, and to attend to their wants, while they are in school. This woman, who is called the *jhee*, is as necessary to our school work as the teacher.

I remember, among the students for whom Mr. Lee holds Bible classes and among whom he has worked for a number of years, that one time a company of young men had called on him. All of them were intelligent Bengalis. Mr. Lee decided to give them a treat of some kind. That which was appropriate among Bengali people was the Bengali sweets, of which they are very fond; so Mr. Lee remarked he would like to have them eat in his house. Among them were high caste Brahmans, and they began to look at each other. Mr. Lee remarked that he would like the one whom they delighted to honor the most, to be presented. One young Brahman said, "The one at the head of our class, and who has carried away the prizes, is so and so; but he is a Sudra. We would not dare to take food from his hands." Mr. Lee then explained to them what they themselves acknowledged, that intellect and mental power decide status and position of the human family; and, according to their rules of etiquette, the one at the head of the class deserved honor from the remaining members of the class. This they acknowledged, and Mr. Lee quietly asked him to take the place of honor and begin, and invited all to partake. Every one did, excepting two of the highest class, who begged to be excused and left the room. We were convinced that they themselves saw the folly of trying to carry out the caste system, but they were afraid of each other.

Caste has so divided labor that, in our domestic life, we find that it is impossible to get one person to





ONE OF THE FARMER CASTE.



attend to all the affairs of the home. The cook will not wash dishes, nor attend the table. The one who dusts the room and attends to the lamps will not sweep. The one who sweeps is the lowest caste of all. He accepts his position as the inevitable ; neither can he change his vocation. And yet, one day, when it was necessary to have a cat removed, who had unfortunately lost its life on our premises, he proudly pulled himself up, and assured me that he was not as low caste as some of his brethren ; that I must not expect him to do that kind of work ; but he would call the right man to remove the dead animal, which he did.

Christianity has done more to raise the lower castes than has any other influence, by educating them, leading them to give up filthy habits, take on self-respect, and aim for things worth living for ; until, in some of our schools, we find boys and girls from the lowest caste carrying off the prizes, and winning the respect of teachers and classmates ; and many positions in the Government are now held by Christians who originally came from low castes, who otherwise could never have held such positions among their fellowmen.

It takes missionaries sometime to get used to the state of things, and accommodate themselves to it. I remember when I began zenana work, I often offended by touching drinking vessels or cooking utensils. We have to learn to assign the lesson, mark it in the book, lay the book upon the ground, and let our pupils reach for it. If we are showing them some fancy work, it cannot be handed directly to the owner, but must be laid on the ground, so as to break the current between us ; for we are of a different caste.

I used often to say to my women, "See how soiled your clothes are, how untidy your room is ; and your hair has not been combed for several days. Look at my clean, white dress, and clean hands and face, and tidy habits ; and yet you will not touch me. I feel grieved, because I love you so much." Often they will wait until the other members of the family have turned their back, and will reach over and slip their hand into mine and say, "Mem (lady), I love you because you are trying to help us, and to do us good. I know you are cleaner and purer than we are ; it is only our caste rules that so widely separate us. And I do not believe in them, nor care for them ; but I have to keep them, cruel as they are, or I would be disowned and cast out by my people. I want you to know that I am not afraid to touch you, and I do love you." So many times, we realize that it is only an outside custom, and that often the hearts of those whom caste widely separates are united.

One day, in company with another missionary, I was travelling on the steamboat. A widow who had been on a pilgrimage to bathe in the Ganges, was returning with her brass waterpot filled with Ganges water, which she was carefully guarding. She was carrying it many miles into the interior, where she would use it to ceremonially cleanse her home, to use in times of sickness, and to wash away the sins of the other members of the family. As we were landing, a large party came down in a small boat, to put off for shore. As my companion attempted to alight on the flat boat, he accidentally touched her vessel of water. She began to grieve and lament over its defilement. I turned to her and, in her own language, said, "My sister, what does your vessel contain?" She said, "The holy water of the

Ganges ; I have brought it a long distance, and now it is defiled." I said to her, "Do you not say that the Ganges water has power to wash away sins, and to cleanse from defilement? How, then, could the touch of a Christian, who is a child of the King, defile this holy water?" She looked at me and begged my pardon, and said, "Oh, I did not understand. I am so glad you told me. Then the holy water is not defiled, is it?" I assured her that it was impossible for the touch on the outside of the vessel to take away any of the merits of its contents. Then I told her of the Water of Life and of Calvary, the only stream which can wash away sin. May the Lord keep alive the seed, sown only once during the lifetime, in that woman's heart, and may it yet bear much fruit which will be reaped in Eternity!

May He hasten the day when all shall recognize the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man!

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## CHAPTER IV.

### IS CHILD MARRIAGE BINDING.?

During my stay in the homeland I have been asked the question so often, "Is child marriage binding?" Others have said, "Oh, I thought it was a thing of the past." Would God it was not binding, and would God it was a thing of the past! For of all cruel, degrading customs, it does seem to me that child marriage is the worst this world has ever known. Its horrors cannot be depicted; and we who have been behind the scenes and know some of its awful realities, try to keep the sad thoughts out of our own minds.)

Look at the accompanying picture, "~~This~~ is a little girl who was brought to us when she was about five years old; and she was married two years before to a man eighteen or twenty. We do not know all it has meant to this little thing; for she has been brought to us so young; and we trust that we may rescue her from the doom that threatened her. Yet, should she be left in Hindooism, and her husband die to-day, the ceremony which took place when she was too young to be able to remember it, is binding, as it dooms her to widowhood forever. [According to the Hindoo law, a widow can never re-marry, although the child wife may never have lived with the husband. The sorrow, the deprivation, the ostracism of widowhood, would be hers all the days of her life.] Her mother, who was a widow, stood among a group of women in the village where we had gone





A WIDOW AT SIX YEARS OF AGE.





with our praying band, and where God had given us a great revival. She, and a group of other widows, listened to the testimonies of our own Christian girls; and she was so impressed by the bright faces and the joy they expressed, that she could not get rid of her conviction that Christianity offered her relief and freedom from the thralldom which was so unbearable in her life. In a few weeks after we had returned home, she came one day bringing this little girl with her, her daughter, whom she had stolen out of her father-in-law's house; and she came begging to be taken in and taught about Jesus. We took her in, and hope God will permit us to lead the mother to Christ, and to save this child from the awful life that threatened her.

(Let me give you another instance. One day an old gentleman, with grey hair and an intelligent face, came to our house and asked to see me. He was a high caste Brahman; and, when I entered the room, he said in beautiful English, for he was an educated man:

"Mrs. Lee, I hear that you love our people, and are interested in our welfare. Three of my little daughters have attended your day-school, in one of the suburbs of this city; and one of the three is to-day in great danger; and I have come to ask your help."

"What is the matter?" I said, "I will be glad to help you, if I can."

"Oh, I married her several years ago, to a man who, I thought, would make her a good husband."

"How old is she?" I said.

"She is barely twelve years of age."

"And when did you marry her?" I asked.

"When she was about eight or nine years of age."

"How sad," I said, "that you, an intelligent man, will continue to keep up this system of child marriage!"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I know its evils, and how much we suffer from it; but I am a Brahmar, and would be put out of caste, if I did not keep our rules and marry my girls, while young. And you know, Mrs. Lee, we fear each other, until we are not able to do that which we know is right. My son-in-law often made us visits, and repeatedly asked us to allow his wife, my daughter, to go and live with him. But she is a timid, delicate, clinging girl, and could not bear the sight of him; and the very thought of going to live with him seemed to make her ill. So I put him off by saying:

"Oh, she is so young yet, allow her to stay with her mother a few years." He came again and again, insisting on taking her away; and I as often, refused him. One day, while I was away from home in my work, he came bringing his servant with him, and took her by force, and hid her away. For some months, we could get no word concerning her. My heart was distressed; for I knew the sorrow of my child, and was anxious about her welfare. One day, she wrote a note, for she learned to read and write in your school, and dropped it down from the second story to a little girl playing under the window; and whispered to her, "Give this note to the Bible woman, when she comes to-day." The Bible woman was one of our workers, who visited the family and knew them well. The note was addressed to the child's father, begging him to come to her rescue. - The cruelty that she had suffered, and told of in her letter, could not be printed. The husband, in order to compel her to be submissive, had dipped her into cold water, and locked her up in a dark room, without any

## *IS CHILD MARRIAGE BINDING?*

food, where she stayed during the chilly, damp night. She had been starved, day after day, in the hope that she would submit for the sake of food. But, in her letter, she said, "Father, if you do not come to my rescue, I will die here."

The father then sued the husband for cruelty ; and a court case ensued, in which the father proved that the little girl was a few months under twelve years of age. The only marriage law we have in India is the age of consent which is twelve years of age. The judge decided that, as the child was under that age, her father was the rightful guardian ; and she was then made over to him. Now the time was up for she was a few months over twelve ; and the husband then sued the father for detaining his wife. And he said :

"The case is to be decided next Tuesday." And then, burying his face in his hands, he wept like a child, and said, "Oh, help me, madam, to save my child !" I told him that if he would make the child over to me, I would fight this man and the law ; but it would cost her her caste, and that, in our school, she would be taught about the true God, and to love and serve Him.

"Ah !" he said, "I myself read my Bible ; and would God I were free to worship Him, as my conscience dictates. But, O, we are so bound by caste and superstitious fear ; and, too, I am compelled to produce my child in court, dead or alive.") I asked him to bring the child to see me ; and he did so, bringing her mother with her. I could not tell you the horrible things the mother told me ; but, as I looked upon the timid, delicate, undeveloped child, only twelve years of age, my heart ached. How I longed to rescue the little one ! But I was helpless, and so was the father.

The case came off, and the child was taken into court, and it was proved by the husband that she was past twelve years of age. The judge decided that the husband was the rightful guardian, and ordered the child to be made over to her husband. The father took her back to get her clothes. The child clung to his feet and said :

“Father, kill me, do anything with me ; but do not make me over to that dreadful man!” The husband came and demanded his wife. The child refused to go. He went away, but returned in a short time, bringing with him a police force ; and the child was dragged out of the room, shrieking, and beating her head on the cement floor, trying, if possible, to take her own life. She was taken by force and carried away, and we have not heard of her from that day to this. Only He Who sees in the dark seclusion of these zenanas, and knows all that is going on there, can tell what that child has suffered. And she is only one of the thousands.

I am naturally a Quaker in belief, as far as war is concerned, but I felt that day like fighting ; and will fight to the end against this awful cruel system, which deprives childhood of its innocency, and, in so many, many cases, brings early widowhood suffering, and death. May God hasten the day when there shall be no more child wives ; and when the little girls of Bengal shall be free and happy, and have the blessed time of childhood to prepare for the sacred duties of the home !

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## CHAPTER V.

### CHILD WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Yesterday I sat in the midst of a number of Hindoo women delivering God's message, when I noticed among them a bright interesting young face. The stunted form and immature development and unnatural look on the child's face made me suspect her history. She carried in her arms a fine child seven months old. I said to her,

"Whose child is that?"

"It is mine," she said.

"Yours!" I answered, "why, you are only a child yourself!"

"I know," she said, "I am only thirteen. My baby was born soon after I was twelve. I used to go to school, but cannot go any more."

There was a touch of sadness in the child's voice that went to my heart. The story the women standing by told of her suffering and of the burdens of care now resting on her young shoulders, made me determined more than ever to fight this diabolical system. It robs us of our bright young girls in school; blights the beautiful years of childhood. It brings death to many a young life, and suffering and misery to many more all their lives. This system is the cause of the great number of child widows in our midst.

Two little girls attend our school—one about five years old, the other six. Both are widows and doomed to the life of privation, ignominy and sin only known to a Hindoo widow. I found another one of our school

girls a few days ago, with a red mark in the forehead. I said to her mother,

"Why do you not send her to school? The child is doing nicely."

"Oh! her husband has come and will not permit her to go!"

I asked to see her husband. They showed me a nice looking young man of twenty. I asked why he had forbidden this little girl to go to school.

"Oh," he said, "they all talk about her going in the street. But if you like, you can have her another year: I wish her to learn to read well."

You should have seen the child's delight when I told her she could come back to school.

Oh, the suffering of these little girl wives! the hunger and wrong treatment of the thousands of child widows all over this city! How glad I am God has sent me to tell them and all of these dear people of Jesus, their friend and Saviour. There are hundreds of women shut up in these homes within a few minutes' walk of our house, who hear me gladly.

{ Among my friends is a little girl wife nine years old. Her husband is a silversmith, and about thirty years of age. They live in a little house, the thick walls of which are made of mud. The only woman in the house is my little friend. I often call to see her while she is still scouring the brass plates, and *lapping* the floor and the walls outside with a mixture of cow manure, mud and water. The first is to make it holy; the last two ingredients to make it look fresh and clean. She cooks her husband's food, and waits on him as any dutiful wife should; and goes about in a strange old-fashioned way as though all other little girls had the same hard, unnatural lot. ✕ I try to cheer her up and





A HINDU YOUNG MAN AND HIS LITTLE GIRL WIFE.





interest her in books and pictures ; but she assures me she has too many household cares to think of learning. Her husband seems a quiet, unconcerned man ; and I am sure thinks he is as kind as men generally, and only doing as other men do. For is not this child his lawful wife ? And did he not pay all that was required to make her his ? But somehow my eyes would grow moist, and my heart ache as I watched the little woman so busy with her household cares ; and her young life already showing too unmistakably the effect of the heavier duties of wifehood.

✧ Out of this house into another I go, for the sun grows hotter and hotter, and our feet are becoming more weary. Here is a little day-school and the children are so bright and happy. What pretty child is this at the head of her class ? What large dreamy eyes, and long black eyelashes ; how sweet her voice as she reads her lesson. She is covered with jewelry, and still wears the little pearl of childhood, an ornament hanging from a hole pierced through the partition between the nostrils, the pearl hanging over the upper lip. Yes, she is still so young ; but in the part of the smooth black hair she wears the vermillion mark, the unmistakable sign of marriage. Two or three fine looking Bengali women stand in the inner doorway. One is so fair—who is she ?

“I am the mother of the little girl at the head of the class.”

“What ! you who look so young ?”

“Yes, I am young. My little girl is eight years old, and I am twenty.”

Can it be ! Yes, it is the exception, but true. But it is a common every day occurrence for those of us who visit the zenanas and work

in the homes to talk with the little girls, mothers thirteen and fourteen years old, with babes in their arms; or with empty arms because the babe's life was sacrificed to save the mother. Oftener than the world knows, two lives pay the penalty of the broken law of nature and nature's God.

Into another school I go.

"Where is Monee to-day? I miss her bright face."

"Come, lady, with me; she lives near by. Her husband has died, and the family will not let her come to school."

I go with the woman who gathers the children.—The women of the zenana gather about me. Monee's mother-in-law begins to weep and tell me of her son's death.—I ask for his little wife. I see her sad face as they point to a corner in the background. They bring her to me—only seven years old and a widow!—Her ornaments are gone; her borderless *sari*, once white but now nearer black with filth, is drawn close about her face.—My heart aches for the little girl I had learned to love. The mother-in-law curses the fate that brought the child into her home for of course some sin of the now little widow has caused the death of her husband. I asked why they had taken her from school. The answer is:

"What need has she of an education? She is now a slave, and must be about the household work of the large family and kept busy with acts of penance and idol worship required of the Hindoo widows."

As I thought of the dark future of that child I longed to pick her up in my arms and run away with her to our own happy home, where she, as a Christian, would be no longer a widow, but only an innocent, happy child.

On my way home from the villages one day I took the train and found my way to the zenana carriage (reserved for native women), as is my custom. The place was well filled, but I found a place just behind a young girl closely veiled. She was sobbing and crying as though her heart would break. No one seemed to know her nor to be concerned about her. I leaned forward and asked her why she was crying. She told me she had been married some time before; but her husband had come to claim her, and now she was leaving her mother and home forever.

"What will I do without her! And what will my little brother do without me! How can I go to sleep to-night without him! Oh, how can I go!" and she sobbed aloud.

She was a child about eleven or twelve years old; and my heart went out to her in her grief. I pacified her as best I could, and told her to try to be a dutiful wife—that there was one who loved her, who would never leave her, whose name was Jesus. Still she sobbed,

"What will I do, what will I do!"

Soon the train stopped at a station, and an old withered-up excuse of a man about sixty years old, came to the carriage door and ordered her to be quick and gather up her bundles and get out. I tried to help her as I whispered,

"Who is this man?"

"Oh, he is my husband," she said with one pleading look toward me as he ruthlessly hurried her out of the car and away. Poor heart-broken child! Someone had sold her to this man for money they themselves would enjoy; and she finds herself tied to a man old enough to be her grandfather, with no hope in the

future. No sympathy, love nor companionship will ever be her lot ; but early widowhood is sure to be her doom. This scene is so common that it attracts no attention and calls forth no comment among the people. And very few in the world care. But would we not if it was our own precious daughter ?

O Jesus, Thou Who didst love the children, hasten the day when there shall be no more child-wives, nor mothers, and when the nine million child-wives and twenty-six million widows of India shall be free !

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LITTLE WIVES IN THEIR WEDDING DRESS.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DOORGA—THE CHILD WIDOW.

Yes, this is Doorga, our little widow, whom we love very dearly. She is nearly eight years old. Her short life has been most eventful. One night, when only five years of age, after a hard day's work of childish play, at midnight she was suddenly awakened by a din of native music and the cry, "The bridegroom is coming!" Her mother told her to hurry and have on her wedding dress and jewels—that her future husband was at the door.

Her baby eyes looked into her mother's face in such wonder, but she quietly submitted, little knowing what it all meant. The bridegroom, a young man of twenty, was received by her father and the family priest. After worshipping at a shrine where was a little earthen pot of holy Ganges water, with which the groom's clothes and all presents were sprinkled, the amount agreed upon was paid her father—five hundred silver rupees on a brass plate.

After these ceremonies, the priest placed upon his head a tinsel helmet. He was then escorted to the inner court and made over to the women, where he was made to stand upon a board ornamented with white chalk. His mother-in-law then painted his face, broke a reed across his nose, bound his hands with a garland so that he might not beat overly much the little bride about to be entrusted to him. His ears were pulled and his wedding hat taken off and donned by one of his tor-



mentors ; and he pronounced very good because he bore it all so patiently.

Two of Doorga's uncles then lifted her on a square piece of board and carried her into the room with her face all covered. She was borne around the bridegroom seven times, to make their union complete, and then lifted above his head three times. They now held her on a level with the bridegroom whilst a beautiful white mull cloth was thrown over their heads, and a lighted candle held underneath by the priest ; the veil was then lifted off her face and the groom bidden to look for the first time into the face of his wife.

The little bride was then placed in front of her husband, before the shrine. The priest repeated a number of incantations, whilst the ring was dipped in holy Ganges water and placed by the groom on the finger of the bride ; his garment was then tied to her *sari*, and the priest painted with vermilion the sign of marriage, a red mark in the part of her hair. Little Doorga, frightened and struggling, was placed in the arms of her husband, while a new broom of straw saturated with oil, was lighted at their feet, the flames ascending as high as their heads. This is called the witness of fire to the union which is now regarded complete, and they are husband and wife together.

After much feasting,—and in the din of tum-tums, cymbals and conch shells, she was taken with her husband to her father-in-law's house.—The bridegroom, with his male friends, were sent away in a beautiful open carriage in front of the procession. Behind him, followed an old *gharry* in which, stowed away with the boxes and baggage, was the little bride with an old woman to care for her.



On reaching his home, the little wife, her clothes and jewels were examined and criticised by the strangers who, without her consent, had become her relatives. In fright and sorrow she spent the time allotted by custom for this first visit, being dragged by the old woman to her husband, and compelled to do anything required of her until her baby heart was made glad one day when told the time had come for her to return to her mother, where she could remain yet a few years.

Space will not allow us to describe the sorrow when death came and claimed her mother, and she had to see the body so dear to her carried away on a bed by some coolies, and burned to ashes on the banks of the Ganges. A few weeks afterward the father brought into the home a young girl, whom she was told was her new mother. But troubles seem not to come singly; and so it proved with little Doorga. About one year ago, whilst playing, she was suddenly caught and dragged into a dark corner, her glass bangles broken, and all her jewels taken away. She was told that her husband had just died, and she was that most despised of all objects, a Hindoo widow. Here in the dark corner she was made to fast, and was cursed and abused by all tongues because of the great sin she had committed that led the gods to take her husband from her. Many nights the little thing cried herself to sleep for want of food and love; but at last the awful fourteen days of mourning were over, and little Doorga was turned out again to play without knowing what great sorrow had settled down over her life, blasting every hope.

She came with the other little girls to our school. We found her ill with spleen and fever; after doctoring her for some days she began to amend. Just then the

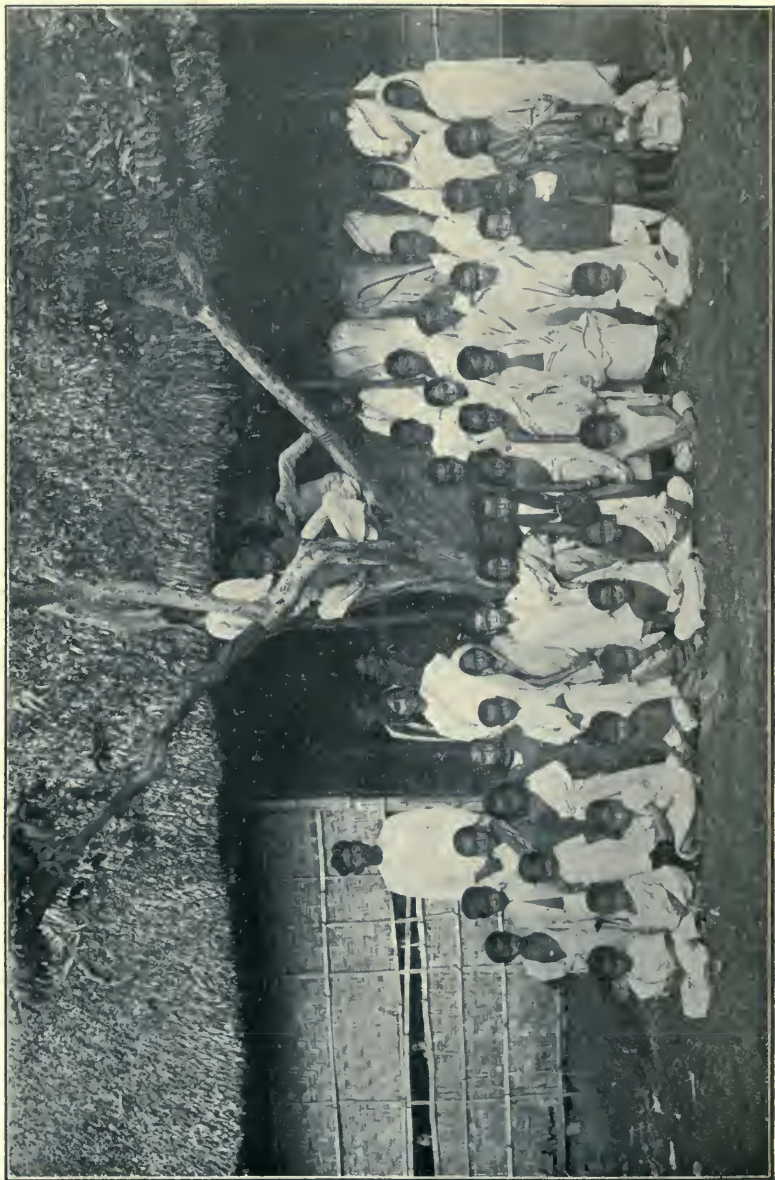
family went to Kali Ghat (the great shrine of Calcutta) to offer sacrifices, not only to Kali, but also to the great goddess Doorga after whom she was named. Here the priest put upon her neck the little charm which you see in the photograph, and she was taught to say that it was this charm that made her well, and not the prayers and medicine of the Christian missionary. But when I turned up the little face to mine and looked into her bright eyes I said,

“Doorga, could this bit of copper make you well, or did the Christian’s God and the medicine which I gave you?” The little thing smiled and assented to my words.

She is still in our school so that we have her often with us. We are asking God every day to so teach her and draw her to Himself that she may be His forever. We are also asking God to put it into the heart of her old Hindoo father to give this dear child to us that we may save her from the cruelties of Hindoo widowhood, the full force of which will fall upon her head at his death. There are thousands of just such little girls in Calcutta, as Doorga. I meet them every day. He Who said, “Feed my lambs,” seems to have laid heavily upon me the command to rescue and save these children.

Give with the offering, your prayers, and let us work together until that bright and beautiful day shall dawn in India, when Hindoo widowhood shall have no more power over Doorga and her little sisters.





## CHAPTER VII.

### DAY SCHOOLS : THEIR PART IN MISSION WORK.

v The longer I live and work in India the more I believe in Mission Day-schools. They have a part to play in the evangelization of India, which cannot be performed in any other way. On account of caste we are unable to get Hindu children into our Mission Boarding Schools ; and, as the little Hindu girls marry very early (see photo), we have only a short time in which to reach them. (The women of India, both high and low, with the exception of a very few, cannot even read.— How hard it is to help such only those who work among them know. Idolatry and superstition have their stronghold in such ignorant women. And even the act of learning to read is uplifting in itself, and prepares the way for the entrance of light into the soul.)  
y A Christian woman who can read her Bible has every advantage over the one who cannot, and we see this wherever we go.

11 Another advantage is, the school brings together large numbers of children who receive daily religious instruction as well as secular. Even before they can read they are taught the catechism, the Lord's Prayer, verses of Scripture and beautiful hymns, which the children repeat and teach to others in their homes—often in places where the missionary and Bible woman cannot find entrance.

4 Among the many strange things we see in India, that which first attracts our attention are the different modes of travel—the peculiar vehicles, and no less pecu-

liar animals which draw them. One of these was of great interest to me, and became associated with my daily life. It was a long cart, covered with canvas and drawn by two beautiful white bullocks with humps on their shoulders. It came one morning from the native city through the dusty roads into the Mission compound (yard) so heavily loaded that the bullocks had all they could do to draw it. What do you suppose it was loaded with? Let us lift up the canvas curtain and see. What a host of bright faces greet us!—for it is packed like a sardine box with little Bengali girls, coming to the Mission school. They are too big to walk the streets, and if we keep them in school they must be brought in this way.)

The name of one of these girls is Balla. She is the favorite with us all. She has such bright, winning ways, is so thoughtful and kind, so quick to learn, and so helpful to the other girls. Our school room would be gloomy without her. Her Bible lessons are the best prepared of all. She soon showed such interest that she was given a Bible of her own. When she received it she carefully wrapped it in a bit of red cloth, and carried it home joyfully.

Not long after this Balla came to school with the others, but the sunshine had all gone from her face. As soon as she saw us the tears began to flow.

“What is the matter with our Balla this morning?” Between her sobs she told us her sorrow. While reading her Bible the evening before her big brother came into the room. He snatched it from her hand, and in an angry tone asked her.

“How dare you read such a book?” And, striking a match, he tore the leaves apart and burned her beloved Bible into ashes before her eyes. Looking up into our faces as she finished, she said,



"What will I do now without it?" Her tears were soon dried when another like it was placed in her hand and she was told she could have it for her own.

"I will keep this one hid where he can never find it," she said.

We had been satisfied for sometime that Balla was a true Christian and loved Jesus with all her heart. Shortly after this a Bengali Babu (gentleman) called at the Mission and asked to see the superintendent. It was Balla's father. He had come to request us to cease teaching the little girls in the school to sing Christian songs.

"For," said he, "I have no peace day nor night. From the time Balla comes home she is singing them. The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning I hear these songs about Jesus. Will you please refrain from teaching her such things?" We were sorry to be unable to grant his request, but delighted to know that this little child had carried the Gospel where we could not get permission to go.

A few months later Balla came again with a very sad face to tell us that her father was taking her away to a distant village to live, where there were no schools and no missionaries. Our hearts were sad to part with her; but we commended her to Him Who loved her far more than we.

Soon letters came from her telling of her new surroundings. She had gathered the little girls of the village, who had come to play with her, and had begun a little school under a peepul tree near her home; and was teaching them to read and write. She read her Bible to them, taught them the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and sang with them the beautiful



Christian hymns she had learned at the Mission. Soon they began singing them in their several homes, and their parents became alarmed and kept the children away from her. But they were so obedient, and had so improved in their manners it was decided it could do them no harm, and they were permitted to return. A joyful letter was sent, telling us that she was allowed to continue her school; and was teaching the children to know and love Jesus.

We are only beginning to see what may be done in these young minds. Since the revival began in Calcutta many of the oldest workers have been surprised at the marvelous way the Spirit of God has taken hold of the children. And God is using young children in the conversion of others as we have never witnessed before. In our own school is a young girl about ten years old who sought the fullness of God's Spirit and testified to having received what she sought. Since then her influence over the other girls has been a power; and she has led a large number to Christ. Her simple faith and earnest prayers have touched many hearts.

Not only among Christian girls, but in the day-schools among Hindoo children, God has been pouring out His Spirit. In a sister Mission in Calcutta the native teachers went to their school room as usual one day and found, instead of the children playing about, the doors closed and everything quiet. As they neared the house they heard praying and, listening from outside, heard the children pleading for God to give their teachers the blessings they were receiving so they might be kind and good and speak gently instead of harshly. These nominal Christian teachers were cut to the heart when they heard their Hindu pupils thus praying and

weeping for them, and began to seek for themselves. They did not disturb the children ; and the prayer meeting continued two hours or more, and ended in shouting and rejoicing, many having found the Saviour.

In another Day-school a little Hindu girl nine years old professed to have seen a vision in which the Saviour came to her and spoke to her, telling her He was the Saviour Who loved her and wished to live in her heart. She said He then baptized her with the Holy Spirit and told her to work for Him. She first went to her heathen father and told him what she had seen, and said,

“O father, don’t you believe what I say ? Jesus has taken all my sins away, and I know Him as my Saviour. Now I want you to receive Him.” The father was touched with his child’s pleading and, to evade her, said,

“O yes, Jesus was a good man.”

“No, father, this does not satisfy me,” she said. “Say He is your Saviour ; He is God.”

The whole family, instead of opposing her, believe that God has revealed Himself to her ; and are greatly agitated, as is the surrounding community. In the school she pleads with the children and teachers to give themselves to God, and says,

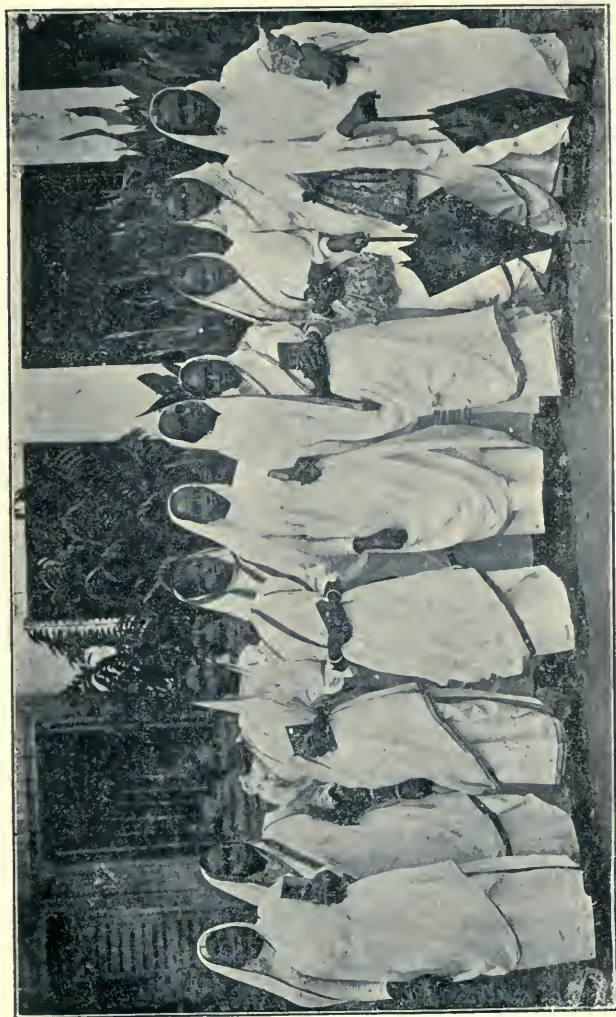
“I have not been baptized by water, but I have been baptized by the Holy Spirit. I am Christ’s. Let me go with the Bible women and tell our Bengali women and girls what great things Jesus has done for me.”

And if in these schools God has poured out His Spirit, why will He not in all ? These are wonderful days in which we live. I believe great things are to happen in India in the near future. Are we ready to reap the harvest ? There are day-schools in the cities

and villages in different parts of India. Those who are helping to support these schools, will you not earnestly pray that God may pour out His Spirit in a wonderful manner on each? There are calls from distant villages where they have not the Gospel, for some one to come and open schools for their children. May God help us to go forward in this great work.

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BIBLE WOMEN STARTING OUT TWO AND TWO—TO THEIR WORK.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE WORK OF THE BIBLE WOMEN.

A Bible woman is one who takes her Bible and goes from house to house, gathers the women together in the home, reads to them and talks to them of Christ and their need of Him. (In India we have the custom of seclusion of women. The upper classes of non-Christian women are never found in public gatherings,) hence the need of such workers as Bible women to go to those of their own sex who spend the greater part of their lives within the walls of their own homes. (It is very difficult to overcome the effect of this custom enough to get even our Christian women to attend church services; for this reason the larger half of the people cannot be reached by male workers. And many persons will never hear the Gospel unless it is carried to them by Bible women.) This we call zenana work. I consider it a very important part of a missionary's work to train and send forth these women workers.

Our Bible women also go to the villages to the people who cannot read, and know not God; and whose lives are so sad and full of superstition and sin. In one village, whilst they were pleading with us to open a school, promising to give the house if we furnished the teacher, one said,

"We just live and die like animals. Do come and teach our children that they may not be as we are." Some girls who have passed the higher standards in our school are now married and live in villages where they often wade through water and walk over the

ploughed rice fields to reach the schools, where they teach and are the only light in the midst of a number of villages, to guide thousands to heaven. These often do the work of both teacher and Bible woman. How they need the prayers of God's children !

<sup>1</sup> Some of our Bible women spend most of their time in the villages round about Calcutta, where the people are as ignorant of the Gospel as ever the people of Thibet could be. Others go to the hospital, where they are welcomed by the sick with such expressions as these :

"Come, sing to us one of those lovely songs, and soothe our troubled hearts." "Tell us of your Saviour ; we love to hear the Story." Some of the sick and dying have asked for baptism. Others of our workers spend their time in the zenanas of the city, crowded with lovely women who need Jesus so much.

A family of seven is preparing for baptism, the fruit of the joint work of open air preaching and our Bible women's teaching. The husband and father heard and believed the gospel sometime ago, and wished to become a Christian. The wife had received no teaching, only what she heard from her husband. Two of our Bible women now visit them regularly. The fear of breaking caste and dread of persecution keep the woman from decision. It means much to break loose from customs practised for ages, and forsaking all friends, to accept a new religion, so entirely different. Only those who work here can conceive of the difficulties in the way. It is so much easier when they come by whole villages or communities. May the day soon come to Bengal, as it has to other parts of India when they will come by the hundreds to Christ. We are longing for that day.





CHRISTIAN TEACHERS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.



Of late years we have better qualified workers—more of those who do it from love to the Master and with a desire to be soul-winners. The most of our Bible women have a better Christian experience themselves. Consequently we have better results in this most interesting part of our work. I determined sometime past that I would plan my other duties so as to be with these women more in their work, and lead them out into some new lines. I am thankful I have been able to do this to some extent. I have for several years desired to get out to villages where the women never heard the Gospel, and to visit Hindoo *melas* (fairs), especially those attended largely by women. We have accomplished some things in the former, and O what a wide, uncultivated field of work this is! In many of our villages, where a large number have become Christians, the women who, for the most part, cannot read themselves, are practically baptized heathen and know nothing of God's Word. It is indeed a very difficult work, as the villages are hard to reach and, in many places, there is no accommodation for the workers overnight.

We have attended several *melas*. At one we spent a week: Mr. Lee with his native preachers and I with two of our Bible women. It meant a river trip and some other expense, but gave us an opportunity of reaching many who had never heard the Gospel. The steamer we went down on carried two flat boats alongside and took with her three thousand pilgrims, the larger portion women. We began our work at once in selling Bible portions, distributing tracts, and talking to the groups of women as they sat on the deck floors. We found some very sad cases among the women, who had lost their children, and their priests had told them

if they would take this long pilgrimage and bathe at this sacred spot, the gods would grant them children who would live. One sad woman told us that her husband was about to marry another wife because she had not borne him children ; and she had been promised the boon of motherhood if she would but sacrifice at this sacred shrine. Others, with sorrows pressing their hearts, were going to the same place for relief ; and all said they were promised purity and freedom from punishment for sin, especially the punishment of re-birth into this world, if they but bathe three times in the holy waters of this place. But the larger number was that saddest of all sad classes, Hindoo widows. We saw them by the thousand, many of them living in out-breaking sin and adultery, even having lost all secrecy and shame. The men were, many of them, of that sort and were only going to this *mela* to carry on their wicked devices.

We anchored near the island, at the mouth of the Hooghly, where the sacred waters of the Ganges empty into the sea. And the pilgrims landed on the wild, sandy beach ; for there was nothing but a large stretch of sand, back of which was a dense jungle—no dwelling, and such suffering from cold at night and lack of food among the thirty thousand or more pilgrims, cannot well be described. We spent three days working among them, returning to the steamer at night. We met many interesting cases. Those that interested me most were the women who had come from great distances inland, simple-hearted people and who had never heard the Gospel, and seemed to be in search of some cure for sin. We took back on the steamer with us one thousand *fakirs* or devotees, full of filth, covered with ashes

and without clothes excepting a small loin cloth. These were mostly men and boys, undergoing all sorts of self-torture, and were worshipped by these women as the holiest of men. Whilst gone we sold over one thousand Bible portions and distributed many thousand tracts, many of which though bought by women who could not read, were carried back to their village homes to be read to them by those who could. We trust in the harvest time that there will be found much fruitage from this work. Our Bible women do splendid service on these trips, and we hope to do more such work in the future.

We have opened a new work among the Marwaree women of Calcutta, among whom no mission work has been done. The Lord gave us the Marwaree workers from among the famine women, whom we were enabled to bring from their famine-stricken land. We began this work among their own people at the *ghat*, the bathing-place here in Calcutta where the Marwaree women go daily by the hundreds to bathe.

In our regular zenanas we have many interesting cases, where we believe the light of the Gospel has found way into the hearts of the women. But these poor creatures are bound by such galling chains which make our hearts ache to contemplate. Some of the women have even dared to give up idol worship, and we are thankful to God for every such case. The visible fruit of Bible women's work has not been as great as we would like. We have not yet seen the people come out in large numbers and renounce Hinduism; but I am sure that the heaven is at work in the homes; and the Word of God, faithfully read and preached by them, will not return to Him void.

In a village some miles away two of our Bible women were working. They came to a house with a number of rooms built village fashion, enclosed by one wall; and just outside sat a woman weeping and wailing. The other women told them that regularly every day at that time this woman had gone and mourned for her son who had died four years before; and inside of that time she had never been known to smile. The Bible women tried to comfort her, and told her about Jesus and His love—how He died for sinners, and that if she would trust Him He would forgive her sins and one day take her to Heaven where there was no more death nor sorrow. They prayed with her. She seemed to grasp the truth and accepted Christ as her Saviour, and testified to all standing by that Jesus had come into her heart and comforted her and she would no longer come there to mourn. Four days afterwards she took cholera and died, but testified to the last that she had found the Saviour.

Sometime afterwards I was with the Bible women in that same village and an old man of the same household where the woman had died called me. He was very ill and told me he was afraid to die, but spoke of the comfort this woman had found, and asked me to pray with him. I told him I would if he would give up the worship of idols. That he said he would do as they had never helped him. I explained to him as best I could the way, and taught him to pray. He said he accepted Christ by faith. I bade him farewell and started on my way. He called me back and said,

“Am I safe now?”

I said, “Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?”

“I do.”



I answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and left him in the Lord's hands. Sometime after he became unconscious and, as is their custom, he was carried some ten miles away to the banks of the Ganges to die. They left him there, but he revived and in a couple of weeks came hobbling back home again. He sent word to me that it was not with his consent that he had been taken to the Ganges, and that he still believed in Christ, and testified to his faith in Him unto the end which came some months afterwards. The village people still speak of the change in these two persons and we hope to find them one day among the saved.

Plague, smallpox and cholera are ever present with us. Disease and death visit both our children and their parents. We have been reminded again and again of the necessity of working faithfully to-day among these people for we know not where they will be to-morrow. But greater than all these pestilences combined is the blighting onward march of idolatry and superstition, with all the evil practices connected with Hinduism. Pray with us to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into this, one of His neediest and greatest of harvest fields. Oh, the blessed work for Jesus! How my heart exults in it. But our hands cannot do the half that God has sent to us as it should be done, and yet He is constantly opening new doors and broader fields before us. God forbid we should limit Him by our unbelief or lack of willingness to follow His leading. May the Lord bless us unitedly, both you workers at home and us on the field, that we all may be faithful to the end and rejoice together on that great day coming when the results of the years shall be garnered, and we allowed to share in the glory of the Lord.



## CHAPTER IX.

### GUNGA SAUGAR.

Cunningly devised fables seem to be the warp and woof of Hindooism ; and filthy lucre, the root of all evil, the one object of the whole system. The Brahmin priests will do anything for money ; and, being Brahmins, they still have the worship and fear of the people. I have seen a priest rob poor women of everything they have, and, for fear he will curse them, they will bow down with their faces to the earth and worship him. They take the dust from his feet, mark their foreheads, and carefully treasure anything from his body as a charm to keep off all evil.

Gunga Saugar (see photograph) is the seat of an annual Hindoo *mela* or religious festival. It is the extreme point of the island in the mouth of the river where the Ganges unites with the salt water of the sea. Some priest or person started the saying that purity is found by bathing in the waters at this particular spot. Others say that a devotee, in his wandering, died on this lonely beach ; and thus the place became sacred ; and now whoever dies at Gunga Saugar will go to heaven. Another fable is that a special stone was miraculously cast upon the sand here and the main shrine is a god built on this stone, where, during the three days of the *mela*, offerings by the thousands of fruits, flowers, sweetmeats, etc., are cast from morning until night.

The wonders of the place, efficacy of bathing in the sacred water, and the sights, etc., are published in all





A JOGEE OR DEVOTEE.

languages and sown broadcast throughout the land, so that thousands of pilgrims flock there every year. Some of our experiences during our yearly visits may help to give our people some idea of the hideousness of Hinduism and the power of idolatry and superstition over the people.

We, in company with four of our best Bible women and a number of our native preachers, take with us several thousand Bible portions, books and tracts, and take passage on a steamer from Calcutta to Saugar Island, a distance of eighty miles. The steamer has lashed to each side a flat boat; and often carries three thousand people. On one trip I noticed a thousand of these were *jogees*, or devotees. During the day and a half it requires to reach the seat of the *mela* we have a great opportunity for selling our books and working among the people. We have with us all castes from the Brahmin to the pariah; and, in the little room allowed to each, it is wonderful how they jam up against each other. We have a great variety of nationalities too—Nepalese connected with the “*raja*” of Nepal, who are able to travel first class and have warm and comfortable clothing. Some are Marwarees and wealthy, who pay the way of many of the *jogees*; and people from the north and west of India; and our own bareheaded, intelligent Bengalis. Some have made a vow and are fulfilling it in this pilgrimage; others are going the rounds of the main shrines of India. Of such are many widows, hoping thereby to obtain pardon for the supposed sin which caused widowhood. Some few seem in earnest in their search for pardon and purity, which they never expect to find until after death, and about which they have a very indefinite idea. Some of our company were so poor that they had spent the last cent of years of

saving for a ticket and did not seem to know what they would live on while there. Some were lost from their fellow-travellers and had nothing left but the scant clothing on their back.

Among the *jogees* (devotees) were fourteen women. One motioned for me to come to her. When I went and we began to talk the head *jogee* of the gang (a man) became so angry that the woman soon, through fear, begged me to leave her. She told me she was a widow since childhood and had been to most of the leading shrines of India; that Ram was her husband, the creator of the earth was her all. And yet in a few minutes, in an agry fit, showed she was completely in the hands of Satan, and evidently was steeped in the worst of sins. Still these people are called *shadu* (purity). Some will not eat while on board the vessel and were two days without food; and then must purify themselves by bathing in the Ganges before they break their fast.

While talking to the devotees one especially attracted me. He was wearing more clothes than the others and so was not so repulsive; but his arm was in the upright position, held above his head until stiff, and his finger nails had grown around his clenched fist. He told me it had been in that position for nine years. At first, for six months until it became stiff and rigid, it pained him day and night. He professes to have done this as an act of penance and to mortify the flesh. But I have been led to think it was more to obtain notoriety and the worship of the people.

We reached the seat of the *mela* late in the evening. At the first sight of the place there was a shout from the people like that which Moses heard from the mount: "Victory to Mother Gunga!" (the goddess of the River).

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“Kobel Monee, victory !” (the name of the goddess of the island who they say arose from the earth of herself). Thousands of voices made the air ring with the awful sound. The sea was rough, and, as the people left the steamer in native boats making for the shore, my heart ached for them, especially for the thinly clad and ignorant women, most of whom had never been there before. Many never reached there alive, for the waves beat so high that seven boats were capsized in landing, and no one knows the number lost, but not less than eighty or one hundred souls.

I counted one boatful, and, without the boatmen, there were twenty-eight persons. Next morning when we landed we found two of the bodies, one of a woman, thrown upon the beach—no one to bury them or mourn their loss. There they laid all day. Finally we complained, and the police sent low caste men who dragged the bodies into the jungle for the wild beasts to feed upon. Others landed but with clothes wet, and had to lie on the cold damp sand all the night; and, too, at this time of the year when we all suffer from the cold if out at night.

The next three days we spent on shore among the people preaching, selling Bible portions, giving out tracts, and persuading the people. Some would revile us, some would hear us, wondering at the words we spoke. My heart ached as I stood and watched the bathers. Widows were having their heads shaved, and, taking their long beautiful hair (that which they prize most), and bunches of plantains, sweetmeats and flowers, waded into the water and, calling upon Mother Gunga, threw them in, after which they dipped themselves in the water three times and returned to the shore.

I noticed that the place was full of Brahmin priests. No sooner had the fruit touched the water than they were grabbed by one or another and put into a sack. One woman was wading in and had tied up in a red bit of cloth jewels and money. She was followed by the priest, and as she raised her hand to throw the offering in he snatched it from her.\* The shore was strewn with wreaths of marigold, but valuable things were carried to the stalls and sold; so that the same fruit was often bought over and over again. Hundreds were bathing at a time and would come back so pure that they would try to avoid even the shadow of lower castes.

The devotees lined both sides of the paths leading to the beach, some smoking hemp, others going through all sorts of supposed torture such as sitting or lying on a bed of spikes, heating themselves over smouldering fire, others swinging by the legs head downwards, and counting their beads. I could not but notice those lying on spikes were careful to keep a bolster under their shoulders, and, with some, I noticed that the spikes were blunted and that they were only lying upon them for a short time. The women would strew rice and fruit and grain of different kinds in front of each as they passed by; and often would give offerings of money; some buying a cent's worth of ashes from off the devotee's body, which they carried home as most sacred. Some of the *jogees* went about leading a cow and would cry out, "Who will give a cow to a Brahmin?" Often a person would buy the cow he had, paying him the money for it, and yet leaving the animal in his hands. Thus one cow was sold again and again during the day by the same person. We saw a number of bedsteads beautifully rigged up with pillows, comforts, curtains, etc., which had been given as offerings to the Brahmins.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HINDU WIDOW'S LAST PILGRIMAGE

We were on our way back from Saugar Island *mela* where we and our native workers had been three days, and had eighty miles to run by steamer before we reached Calcutta. We had on our steamer and the flat boats attached over two thousand priests and pilgrims. We were still selling Bible portions and talking to little groups here and there about the one atonement for sin. One of our Bible women said to me:

“There is a woman with cholera on the flat boat to our left.” I went to her and found the poor woman cold and in the last agonies of that dreadful disease. We informed the captain who curtained off a portion for a hospital; and soon we had gathered into it a number of cases in all stages of the disease, and we began to pray and work, doing all in our power to save life. Among the number was a woman about forty with warm clothes and better dressed than the others. As I approached her with medicine she said:

“Do you think you can save my life until I reach Calcutta? I have a son there in the Viceroy’s office. I want to see him once more.”

“If you do as I say I will do all I can. You are warm and I trust you will live. But your life is in God’s hands.” In company with her was her daughter-in-law, a young woman, and the latter’s mother; and all three were widows. They had been years wandering together from shrine to shrine worshipping the gods who they supposed, for some unknown offence, had

cursed them with widowhood. They had bowed in the temple among the snows of the Himalayas in the north; and at the shrine on the west; at Ramnath in the extreme south; and at Jaganath in the east. Now they were returning from this special pilgrimage where they had been told they would find purity and peace.

"Do you think I will reach Calcutta?" she asked an hour later, "I am growing weaker and my tongue is so parched. Tell me, lady, will I see my son again?" I felt the awful responsibility and must be true.

"You may live. We are doing what we can. But have you found the Saviour?" I asked.

"I have never heard of Him of whom you speak, and I am too weak to do much."

"Only forsake all and cast yourself into His arms and He will save you, and if you die He will receive you in heaven."

"There is no hope of seeing my boy's face," she said later; and, turning to her companions, she said:

"This is my last pilgrimage." And, with a look of gratitude to me, the life went out.

We wrapped her in sheeting and threw her overboard, and as her body floated out to sea my heart turned to God for help to do more for these women who are going into eternity by the thousands without knowing there is a Saviour.

Another woman asked me if she must die. I told her to give herself into the hands of God and ask Jesus to forgive her sin. We worked faithfully, rubbing her poor limbs to warm them, while the people looked on in astonishment to think I would touch one of another caste, or work with the dying. Soon as the poor woman was passing into collapse she said to a companion:

"I am dying. When you reach Calcutta go to my





WIDOWS NOW BIBLE WOMEN.



*bannia* (the grain merchant who has in his possession all the earnings of the poor) and tell him to pay this missionary lady for the medicine she has so kindly given me." I assured her I wished no pay; but I thought this poor heathen woman was far more honest than many a one who has had the light. She never spoke again, but was carried from the ship next day stiff and cold but still alive. And I heard afterwards was left by her companions on the shore of the Ganges for three days before she died.

Among the stricken ones was a widow who had come from the mountains of the shut-in nation of Nepal; and, with her son and his wife, had visited this sad but famous bathing place. Her head was freshly shaved; she had made her last offering to her gods and was past speaking. The grief of her son touched my heart. He did everything to warm her and to get her to speak to him again. And, throwing himself at my feet, begged me to save his mother. I told him it was too late, and left him alone with her. I returned soon after and found him trying to cut a bit of gold from an earring; and, succeeding, placed it in her mouth with mud pills and water from the sacred Ganges. These he compelled her to swallow. I tried to interfere—it seemed cruel! But an educated Hindoo man near by begged me to leave him alone, saying:

Of course, I know as you do, there is nothing in it; but this man feels he must perform this last sad duty of a son, and knows no better."

The poor man began to speak louder and louder the name of the god Ram into the mother's ears, and pleaded with tears rolling down his cheeks:

"Mother, say Ram! Ram! Mother, say Ram! Speak once more before you die!" But a gasp and she was



gone! To see life go out in all this darkness was sad beyond description. He ceased crying, and, drawing water in his *lota* (drinking vessel) from the river, he bathed her body in Ganges water; went to his bundle of clothing and, taking out a new cloth, wrapped the body and prepared it for burial in its watery grave. After mumbling some incoherent incantations over her he told us she was ready. The ship hands threw her overboard and as the body sank with a heavy thud into the water below the man cried with heart-breaking sorrow:

“Mother Gunga (Ganges) I have given you my best gift, my mother!”

His wife had been taken ill an hour or two earlier, but getting her in the first stages, we were, with God’s help, able to stop the awful disease as we were with a number of others. But that midnight funeral I will never forget. Neither will the sense of the awful responsibility upon us who have the light, as I saw it that night, ever go out of my life. Oh, the throngs of souls who know not God! And so few to reach them! What will we say to the Lord when we meet Him if we have not done our utmost to reach the last one for whom He died?

The effect of this work among the sick was wonderful. Those who jeered us as we sold our books during the *mela* came to us for medicine and the *jogees* (devotees) sitting in a row, who reviled us, now bowed their heads as we passed to and fro. One, a leader, rebuked the man whom I had ordered to sprinkle disinfectants, thinking he was throwing dirty water. I said to him:

“This is medicine. We are trying to save your life.” He bowed his head with his hands together in a most

humble fashion, and the proud haughty Brahmin said :

“Pardon me, lady, I did not know you had ordered it. You are more holy than we. I never saw such devotion as I have seen to-day.”

“Yes,” I said, “but yesterday you were reviling us before the people and abusing Christians in the worst language.”

“Forgive this, lady, and I will never speak against Christians again.”

“Do you mean what you say?” I said.

“Yes, I speak from my heart.”

“Then arise in the midst of this boat filled with a thousand Hindoos and confess this to them all.” He arose, and, in a loud voice, said :

“You are all witnesses of what has taken place to-day. I will never speak against Christianity again.”

I handed him a Gospel telling him to read it—that in it he would find the way of life, and left him likely never to meet again until at the judgment seat of God. But I came away confirmed in the conviction of years that in medical missionary work is a power to reach and save these people as yet unrecognised by the Church of God.

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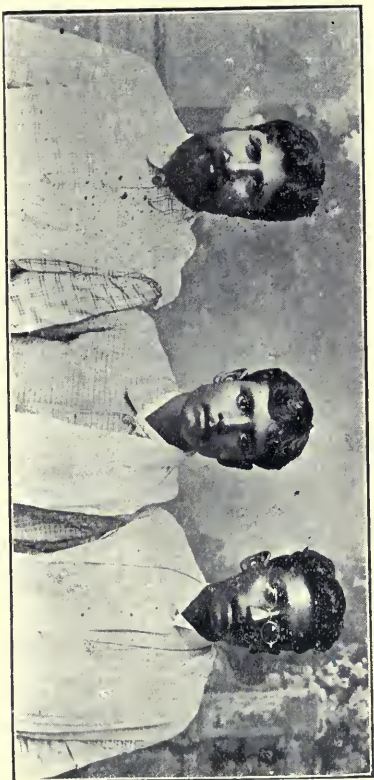
## CHAPTER XI.

### WHAT IT COSTS A BENGALI TO BE- COME A CHRISTIAN.

We enjoy reading stories of the bravery of the early Christians, but sometimes we witness scenes just as interesting enacted here in India. A few years ago an educated Bengali gentleman who is a doctor by profession and a high-caste Hindoo, came to see my husband, and to talk with him about the Christian religion. He told us his father had often prayed with him and used to say that he was a Christian, but did not wish to stir up opposition by being baptized, and died without doing so. But this, his son, felt that he must come out from Hindooism, and therefore asked for baptism. His wife desired to come with him.

Soon the persecution began. What this man endured baffles description. First his patrons were turned against him, his practise taken away, and he left with only a small monthly allowance given for his services in a benevolent institution. The next step was to take his wife from him by force. Their little child was very ill at the time, but his wife bribed an old woman to carry a note to her husband in which she begged him not to allow them to get the child, that she might the sooner escape and come to him. But while he was out they beat the doorkeeper and stole away the child.

His father-in-law then came to him and promised him five thousand rupees if he would give up his own house and go with him. This he quietly but firmly re-



NATIVE PREACHERS.



fused. His persecution then increased in violence. Mobs surrounded his house and spent the night taunting him and throwing stones into his house. They hooted at him calling him a "beef-eating Christian" and an outcaste, and filled his doorway with old bones.

A young man working with us went in to pray with him. They barred the doors while they knelt down and asked God's help and strength. Soon the mob surrounded the house, and our co-worker only escaped by the doctor slipping him out. Then, jumping on to his bicycle, he shot through the crowd and was gone before they could hurt him. The wife was imprisoned for some time in a room in her father's house. He sued the father-in-law for kidnapping his child, and for retaining his wife. The court case was most interesting. The parents tried to prove their daughter to be under age, producing a false horoscope, and charged him with insanity and inability to care for her. The Hindoo people hissed at him in the court while the Judge, also a Hindoo, gave judgment against him. After some months when the wife had fretted for him, for she was true to her husband and to her convictions, they allowed her to return to his home; but sent her own mother with her to prevent their speaking with each other alone, and a native guard to watch them day and night. They used to slip notes to each other, and plans were made for us to help them escape. But every attempt failed until one day they got out of the house while the guard was sleeping. But as they were entering a hired cab the father-in-law again overtook them and forced the wife and child into his own conveyance. As he did so she threw her jewels which she had tied into a bundle with what money they had, back to her husband who ran with them into his house; but he was followed by

two brothers-in-law who forced them away, and left him alone in his desolate home.

How broken-hearted he seemed as he told us of his failure to get away with his family, and he begged us to baptize him without them. We persuaded him to wait and to try again to get his wife. A few days after our co-worker called and was told he was very ill and no one could see him. Our native pastor disguised himself and tried to gain entrance, but was told that he had been removed in a dying condition. He has never been heard of since. And if still living he may be a mental wreck on account of drugs administered. For cases have been known where terrible deeds have been committed to prevent persons from becoming Christians.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gong was ringing in the temples all over the city of Calcutta. Worshippers were going to and fro in great throngs, and the busy streets were crowded at this early morning hour with those who had just bowed the knee to some Hindoo god. Sitting on the steps of a mission house was a high caste Bengali woman, closely veiled; in her arms was her baby girl. She had been shut up in the zenanas so long that all about her seemed new and strange. Soon the missionary came out of the house, and, seeing the shrinking, trembling woman, asked her what she wanted.

“I have come to be baptized,” she said:

“Why do you wish to be baptized?” inquired the missionary.

“A zenana missionary has been teaching me about Jesus, and I have forsaken idols and given my heart to Him: and now I wish to be baptized.”

She then told the missionary how since her conversion she had been serving God in her home; but that



her husband tried to compel her to give up the new faith, and had shut her up in a room and starved her for days. She had that morning escaped. The missionary said,

"I can not baptize you until I see if you are in earnest. I must first send for your husband and elder brother, and see what you will say before them." She told him where they lived, and they were sent for. Soon they came, and the missionary gave them permission to persuade her from her purpose. Her husband offered her beautiful silk clothing and expensive jewels if she would give up being a Christian and go back with him. She said:

"I will go with you and be a true wife to you if you will let me love and serve Jesus in my home." He said, "No," and told her how she had disgraced him; and, with cruel and abusive words, took up a rod and would have beaten her had not the missionary interfered. He threatened to take her life if she became a Christian; but the timid woman stood up boldly before him and again assured him that she must be true to Jesus Who had given His life for her. The husband then commanded her to strip herself of every jewel. This she did and laid them one by one down at his feet. He then told her to remove the outside garment she wore. She laid that at his feet, then offered him her dearest treasure—her baby; but he turned away sneeringly, saying,

"No, keep that. It is only a girl; I do not want it."

She then turned to the missionary and asked him if he would now baptize her. He then, in the presence of her husband and brother and a few missionary friends, baptized her and her little girl. She was brought to

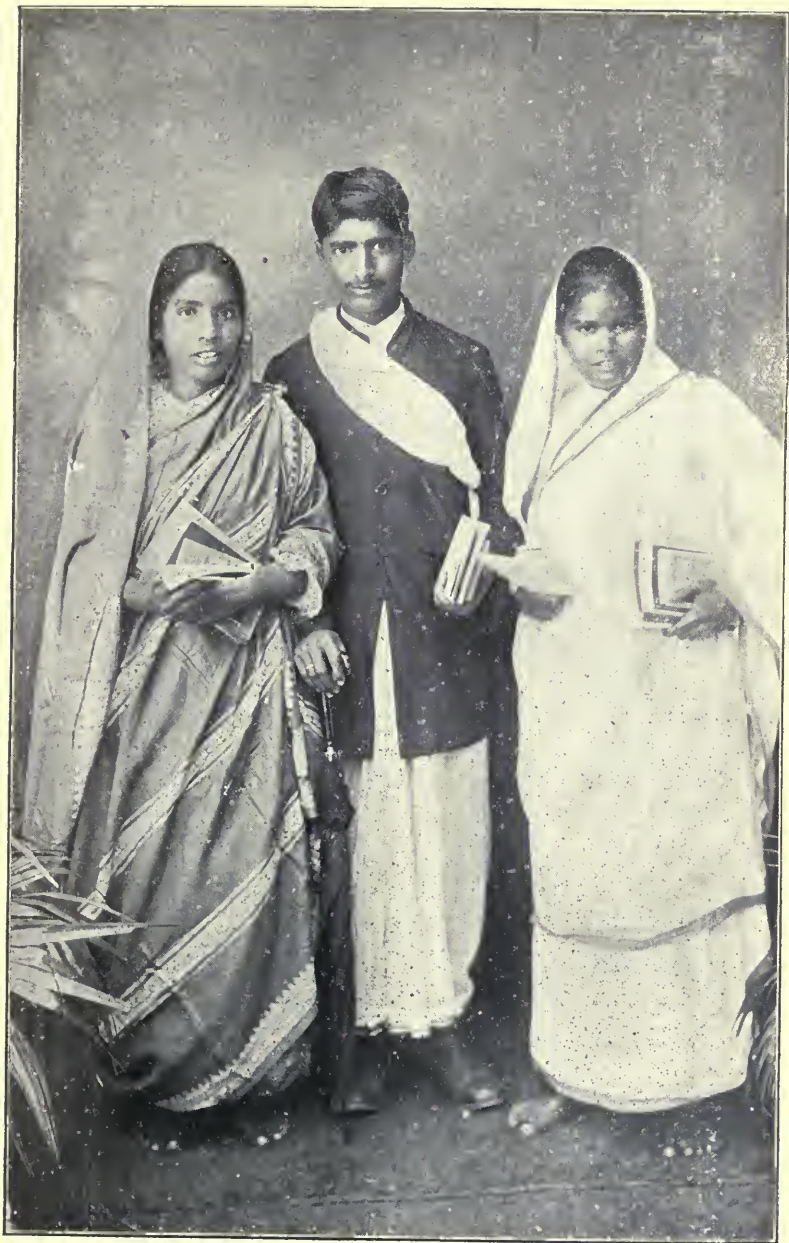
the Zenana Mission Home where I was living ; and it was my privilege to observe the daily walk of this faithful woman. Many times have I known her to pray in our prayer meetings ; and it always touched my heart to hear her plead for the conversion of her husband and brother, that they might speedily be joined together, and for God to save the women of her own country.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thirteen years after the above was written our feet again press Indian soil. Again we walk through the seething mass of human beings who know not our God. Our ears are again greeted with the tum tum of idol worship. And we hear the gongs in the temples, which, in the belief of the superstitious worshippers, awaken the gods of wood and stone. We are surrounded again with the suffering and sadness of heathenish night.

The walls towering above our head shut in thousands of lovely women so ignorant and helpless, with little or nothing to live for. On all sides are children to be gathered in and trained for Jesus. We are overwhelmed with the amount of work to be done, and the obstacles to be overcome. But we thank God we are here, and know He is able to do all things ; and in His name we go forward as the way opens, constantly praying and looking for the time when a nation shall be born in a day.

Who knows the value of one true Conversion ? A few days ago I entered a room where missionaries and workers were gathered for prayer. There fell on my ear such a plaintive pleading with God for the salvation of the Bengali people. The voice and face seemed familiar. At the close of the prayer, I asked who this native woman was. I learned she was the same woman



CHETRIO AS A MISSION WORKER AND TWO BIBLE  
WOMEN SAVED FROM THE FAMINE.



who, thirteen years ago, was found sitting on the steps of a Mission House with her girl baby in her arms. Near her side stood a tall, bright-faced woman, the little girl who years ago was baptized with her mother. Both are happy, useful mission workers. The mother has a school of about eighty girls, in the salvation of whose souls she is deeply interested. A few days later, I stood with her in a hall where over six hundred Hindoo girls with their bright native dress, were assembled for Government examination. A number from her school were among them. She whispered to me,

“Pray for my girls that they may not forget what they have learned, and do well in their examination.” What a picture—this throng of Hindoo girls in a public examination when twenty years ago we could hardly get them into a private school.

The lady conducting the examination was a Bengali woman. And here a woman once shut up in the zenanas is now one of the teachers, deeply interested in the success of her pupils. I asked her if she regretted the step that cost her so much. She said,

“Oh, no, not for one moment. I am so happy, and love my work dearly.” Her husband has since died, but she has escaped the lifelong penance, suffering and bondage of Hindoo widowhood. Her daughter has been saved from the horrors of child-marriage still enacted all over India ; while the devoted work of both for Jesus has a power the extent of which will only be known in eternity.

Read this thoughtfully, any who think it easy for these people to become Christians. Pray with us for those who have to pass through these fiery persecutions. And as you pray, dear reader, ask yourself before God now much it has cost you to be a Christian. Have you

done all God would have you do to send the Gospel to these millions of Bengali people.

Oh, the power of the Gospel where it is taught in these homes! And how many hungry hearts we find among the people as we go in and out! Yet many all about us have never heard of Jesus. 'Are we guiltless? Oh, that our people at home could see this great harvest field ready for the sickle! Shall we not be among the reapers?



## CHAPTER XII.

### WORK HOURS—INDUSTRIAL MISSION.

We often hear the people of India spoken of as lazy and uncleanly, and no doubt some do deserve these epithets. But I am coming to believe more and more that it is not so much their fault as their misfortune. I have my doubts if our farmers at home would be willing to work very much, or enjoy doing it, had they nothing but a branch of a tree with an iron spike driven in one end, something like a harrow tooth, to use as a plow ; a clumsy piece of iron for a sickle, and an unhandy weapon such as they use for an axe ; and all other working implements equally crude. Much of their work they do with their hands. I saw about twenty men the other day, dipping water out of a ditch with their bare hands, which looked like slow work, as it seemed to me the water ran in as fast as they threw it out. Let them work ever so hard, they have no hope of anything more than scanty food, and almost no clothes.

That our people can do beautiful work there is no doubt. We must remember one of the most magnificent buildings in the world is in India, and built by her own people. A picture of the Taj Mahal graces the walls of the public buildings of every nation. Some of the most beautiful carving and inlaid work, as well as embroidery, is found in India. But the poor labourer is kept down to a bare pittance, and others reap the benefit of his labour. A day labourer on the farm can hardly earn more than two dollars per month. And



workmen at other trades get but little more. How can such persons feed and clothe a family? And education is out of the question. Yet men of capital from other countries come here, establish cotton, jute, paper and other mills and, with the use of native labour, amass great fortunes.

We try to teach our boys trades and better ways of doing things, hoping they may become independent and useful; working with their own hands, and supporting their families and their own church. May God bring about a state of things that will make this possible.

The woman has less to work with than the man. Her cooking range consists of one mud fire place made with her own hands; and each article of food must be cooked one at a time, and set aside. Of course she wears soiled clothes. There are no wash-boards, tubs, kettles nor any way to wash but to beat the clothes on a stone—and that is not considered the work of any but that of the washerman caste, which is not very high in the scale. I fear our house wives at home would be lazy and uncleanly, too, under such circumstances.

I find the Bengali girl as willing to work as any other when taught how. And those who have been with us sometime are now just as neat as our home girl. We have even overcome the prejudice against washing their own clothes; and with wash-board, soap and plenty of hot water they seem to enjoy it, and are very proud of their snowy white *saries* washed and neatly ironed by their own hands. Our girls are all divided into classes, each one having a leader—a class for each day's cooking in the week. And if you could see the amount required each meal for our one hundred and eighty girls, you would not consider it any little job



COOKING INDIAN STYLE.



do the cooking. The little girls have their share of light work, such as carrying small vessels of water, cleaning the vegetables, grinding the spices, etc.

Our girls may also be seen sweeping and dusting and cleaning their dormitories and school rooms each day; although the native broom, which is only a handful of reeds tied together without a handle, is anything but a comfortable article to use. They also clean rice, and grind wheat on the native mill of Bible times. Two stones each resembling a grindstone are put together in such a way that when turned they crush the wheat or rice into flour. This picture of our girls grinding will remind many of Christ's words: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left," Matt. 18:44. I fear, should Christ come now, those about us who grind the wheat and rice would not be ready; but many of our girls are getting ready for His coming.

We teach our girls to cut and fit and sew their own clothes; also several kinds of fancy work have been introduced into our schools, of which our girls are very fond. We are encouraged with the success they have achieved. And others who have examined their needle work have been surprised and greatly pleased with their neat and beautiful work. People in India who are so fortunate as to get an education are above doing manual labour and look down upon those who do it. We trust to overcome this with our girls by linking the two together. We find the girl who works the hardest is usually the one who studies the best.

Our girls are becoming self-reliant, neat and tidy in person, and are making useful wives and better mothers for their training with us, for which we are thankful. Our first and greatest aim is to lead them to Christ,

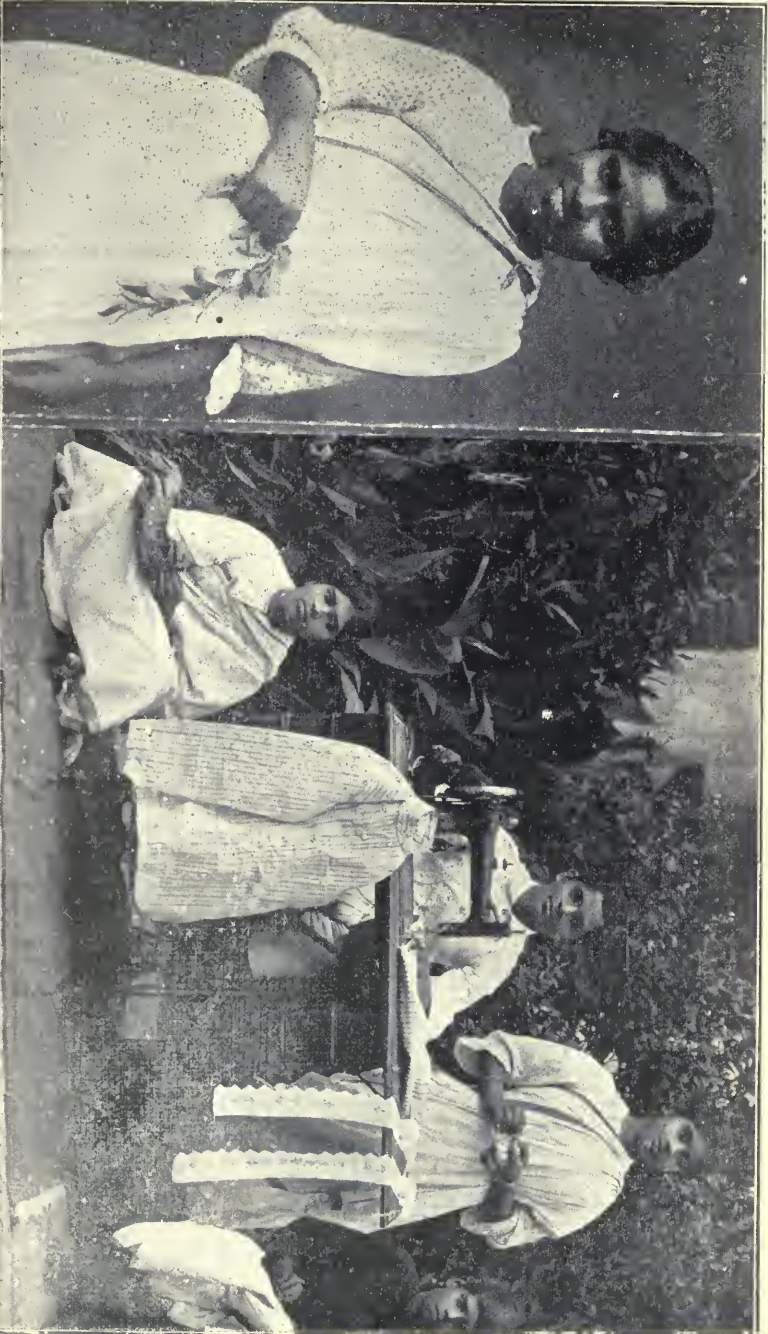
and to train as many as possible for Christian work among their own people. We have had the joy of seeing many of them go out to work in our mission fields with much success and blessing. A lady called on me sometime ago and told me while touring in a distant village she asked if there were any Christians there. They told her there was one family. She went to see them; and before she reached the door she was struck with the tidy appearance of everything. A well-behaved, educated, neatly dressed woman came to the door and invited the missionary into her home. Everything contrasted greatly with the Hindoo homes about her. She was one of our school girls who had married, and had gone with her husband to that distant village. She gathered the women from the neighbouring houses into her own house and taught them of God, and tried to help the children and those about her. She was a light in the dense darkness there, of which this Missionary lady was proud.

May God raise up many more Christian homes like this in this needy land. For this we are trying to train our girls; and yet while in training they are industrious and helpful. Our place is a regular bee-hive. Our school motto is "If any will not work, neither shall he eat," a good motto for any home in any land.

Other missions in India have done much in Industrial work. We have seen on sale the product of such Missions, beautifully woven Damask table cloths and bed linen and cloth of different kinds; also rugs besides lace and many varieties of fancy work. Our boys learn to make furniture and work in wood while other missions teach to work in brass and iron.

Farming is also taught and improved implements are introduced, all tending to lift up the Indian people





OUR FAMINE CHILDREN SEWING AND MAKING LACE.





making them self-reliant, honest and industrious, all of which must accompany Gospel teaching. Some successful spiritual instruction has often accompanied a lesson in washing, bread making or sewing.

One day we hope the people of India will be able to earn a better livelihood, live in better homes here, and all know of and many gain the home in heaven as a result of missionary labour.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### LIGHT AND SHADE IN THE DARK FAMINE PICTURE.

Our missionary labours in the past have been so interwoven with famine work that a little talk about this, the darkest time I have ever witnessed in any country, and one of the most severe visitations God has ever sent to any people, may be of interest to our friends. At first it seemed hard for any of us to see one ray of light in all this awful distress and human suffering. One glimmer such as I often have here in India is seen in the fact that thousands who died were children, and so were saved eternally; when, had they grown up in idolatry, may never have been saved. But now, when the darkest of the cloud has passed over and we begin to look up results, we have much to praise God for, and feel that God will get to Himself victory; and there will be many jewels in Heaven as the result of this terrible famine.

Among the hundred and more whom the Lord permitted us to bring from the famine field and save are many whose history is most interesting; and the transformation both of body and mind have been like miracles before our eyes.

The first illustration is a picture of Chetrio, one of the first lot of boys, taken as he was when he entered our compound (yard). The one who first touched my heart was this tall skeleton. He was so weak he could not stand without support. He was a boy of seventeen



I CHETRIO AS HE CAME. (See page 62).



and from the first began to learn a trade by which he could support himself, but spent every hour possible in study. He has a special aptitude for mathematics, but never saw a printed book before he came to us. He left home in search of food, after having seen his mother, three sisters and two brothers die from starvation. When he left one little sister and his father were still alive, but dying that same lingering death, said to be of all the most terrible. This boy professed faith in Jesus and was baptized and is now selling thousands of Bible portions and preaching the gospel—witnessing to how he found the light. He is a most useful mission worker and as devoted and grateful to us as a real son could be. One of the first ten boys we nursed carefully for a month, then the angels came and carried him to the land where there is no more hunger, pain and death.

Another one was very nearly starved—and covered with sores until we thought he never could live. He is the fine looking boy, number six in the second picture, a quiet, nice boy whom we all love.

Juganathio had a charm on his neck when he came, placed there by his heathen mother when dying—who asked the gods to protect her boy. He is the one we fed like a baby for two months and often despaired of his life. He is number eight in the second picture, and was one of the happiest most wide-awake children on the premises. It may be God heard the heathen mother's prayers, although she knew Him not. Any way he was spared until he became a true Christian boy, and was a help to many other boys. Then the angels took him from a life of suffering to the joys of Heaven.

Many little ones whose mothers perished were left

lying under the trees or sitting by the roadside, forsaken and half starved. A number of such were gathered by one of our workers and brought to us in the condition shown in pictures number three and four. The little one in the former was picked up by a beggar woman who professed to be its mother, and she and the baby were brought to us among a number of other starving women. We soon discovered that she was eating the child's food, so we took it from her to feed it separately. That night she stole it and ran away to the market place of the city to beg. We found her a week later, the child so weak it could no longer stand nor scarcely hold up its head. She had made quite a nice little sum of money from holding up this poor skeleton and begging from the passers by, which money we found concealed on her person. We took the child from her and sent her away to work. The child soon began to recover strength, and was, nine months afterwards, the bright, laughing baby seen in illustration number five. The child in number four we thought for months could not live; but she is now strong and well. We had about twenty-two of these very wee ones, many of whom never smiled for months, but are now so well and happy.

We have over fifty boys, saved from the famine, many of whom promise to become good, useful men; and it rejoices our hearts to hear them singing the songs of Jesus and praying to Him. Had it not been for the famine they would have known only to worship idols. Already they help in the street preaching with their singing, drawing large throngs to listen to their sweet songs of praise to the true God.

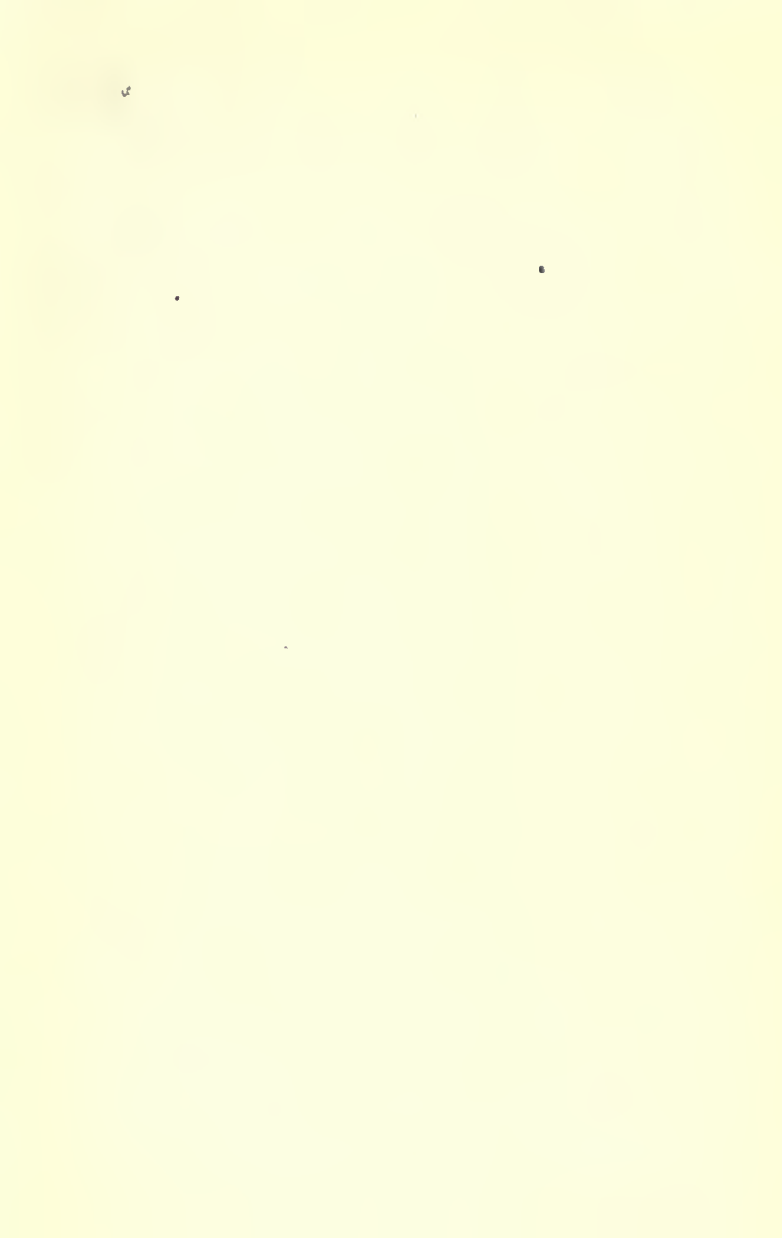
Some of our famine women and girls have been





ONE YEAR AFTER THE FAMINE.





truly converted and are now Bible women and teachers. Three or four are the best Bible women we have ; so that out of this famine have come many who are not only saved themselves, but will be used of God in leading many of their own people to Jesus.

Our famine boys and girls have so grown that we suddenly find ourselves surrounded with a number of young men and women. Those who came to us thirteen or fourteen years of age without ever having seen a book can now, with the exception of two or three, read their Bible, write and cipher. A number of these boys are now earning wages, and bring us their money. We take out that which pays for their board and clothes, and a few cents pocket money for them, and put the remainder into the bank, each of them having their own bank book.

They work in the printing press, as letter carriers and office boys ; others at trades. We now have our own brick layers, and will soon have good carpenters. The older boys are beginning to plan for a little home of their own ; and are wooing the dusky maidens from among those who shared the same sad famine experience and came from their own land. It takes a little tact and wisdom to guide them through this, of all times the most serious in any boy or girl's life. But they come to us with all their plans, and find loving help and sympathy, which binds them closer and closer to us. Our plan is to build well ventilated houses for them, charging them a rental within their power to pay, and to incorporate these and others, as we are able to build, into a village or town governed by rules to keep out all drunkenness, Sabbath breaking, wife beating, gambling, and sins which are so common among our native nominal Christians. This is a project we have prayed much about,

and believe God will help us to bring it to pass, making it a blessing to those whom He has given into our hands. This will be a great improvement over the dismal seven by ten feet mud rooms with no ventilation—a family of seven or eight in a room, and hundreds of families together in one place; Christians, Hindoos, and Mohammedans living in sin and misery together, as we have it all about us in this wicked city. It is practically impossible for a child to grow up pure in such a place.

When the first ten boy skeletons came, and were sitting in a row before me I began to ask them their names, ages, etc. When I came to Jolmo he said,

“I hear this is to be our home. If so, *mem*, (lady) I wish to tell you my secret. That is a girl and not a boy as you think (pointing to a bundle of bones near by). It is my sister. I found at the beginning of the famine that Mohammedans were taking the girls away and putting them into their harems, and that girls were being separated from the boys and taken away to Mission schools. So I took my sister and shaved her head and put about her a loin cloth like we boys wear, and kept her with me in all our weary wanderings; and did what I could to keep her from starving. You will not take her from me now, will you? She is all I have left.” I assured him that she would be in the girls’ school and he with the boys, and that they could see each other every day; and I felt proud of a boy with such love for his own, and such wisdom in carrying out his purpose. Jolmo is grown now—is a good, honest man, and professes to love Jesus; is an exhorter in our church and does what he can for those about him. He chose one of the nicest girls from among our famine people to be his wife, and has now his own little home



III



IV



V



and God has given them a dear baby girl; and they seem so happy. Others of our famine people have now their own homes and their little ones. These are a contrast to the heathen homes about us. And how we pray that God may from these give India real Christian home life—one of the greatest needs of any land, without which all is chaos and darkness.

We are thankful to be partners with God in the salvation of these people, and a part of the great joy in heaven will be to see them there safe with Jesus forever. And many of our friends at home who have helped us will be sharers in this joy.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### ROGONATH: FROM HINDOOISM TO CHRIST.

It was a busy day—so many things that must be done ; and yet one of those days when one seems to accomplish nothing.

“*Mem shahib !*” (Lady).

“ Who is there ?” The gate-keeper answers “ Solomon Babu has come.”

“ There’s old Solomon ; another interruption. I wonder what he wants ?” we say under our breath. And to the man outside,

“ Let him come in.”

Soon appeared the old man with long, white hair, a Christian teacher in the High School. Following closely behind him was a nice-looking, open-faced boy of sixteen.

“ This boy,” said Solomon, “ I have brought to you. His name is Rogonath. Hear his story. Here, my boy, is the missionary. Tell her what you want.” After the usual Bengali salutation he said, a little hesitatingly :

“ I want an education.”

“ Where are you from ?” I asked.

“ My native village is many miles from here. My mother died several years ago ; and now nearly two years have passed since my father went to the other world. I can’t read, there is no school in our village. I came all this way to find someone who would send me to school. My father gave me fifty rupees (about seven



teen dollars) when he was dying. I have saved fifteen rupees of that, which I will give to anyone who will educate me." We were struck with the business-like manner of the boy, and said :

"You are a Hindoo, are you not?"

"Yes, I am a *Kiasta*." (One of the higher castes).

"Did you ever hear of Christ?"

"No."

"Are there no missionaries in your country?"

"No, the first time I ever heard a missionary preach was yesterday, on a square in this city."

"Do you not know that we are Christians, and if we were to put you into the boarding school you would break caste, and then your friends would never own you nor eat with you?"

"I do not care for caste if I can only learn to read and write."

"Then you can't worship idols if you come to us."

"If it is wrong to worship idols, I will not worship them any more."

"You will have to give up the *hooka* (pipe). No boy is allowed to use tobacco in our schools."

"That will not be hard for me, for I never used tobacco."

"You will have to be careful not to quarrel nor use bad language among us."

"I do not wish to do any of these things. I will try to please you always." Then to test him further, I said :

"Oh, your story is false. You have had a quarrel with your father, and he has beaten you and you have run away. Some of them will be after you to take you home."

"My story is true. Look here," jerking off his coat and exposing his bare back, "you can't find a mark! I have not been beaten. No one will ever come to take me away. Now, if you will be a mother to me, I will be to you a true son." I could not help believing him and said:

"All right, come, and we will send you over to the boarding school."

"Let me first go," he said, "and bring you the money and get my other clothes." I looked disappointed, but he said. "You think I will not come back? Here," taking his shawl from about him and handing it to me, "and here," unbuttoning his coat.

"No, the shawl will do." I said. "This is your pledge. I will lay it on Mr. Lee's desk until you come and claim it."

We warned him to keep silent in the Hindoo house where he had stayed the night before and had left his things. He went away, and, although he did not return that night, and we feared he had been hindered, next morning when the door was unlocked, Rogonath was standing outside and, coming with a bound up the steps, said, smiling:

"Did you think I was not coming? Here is my money. I was afraid to come last night through the streets lest someone would steal it." He handed me the fifteen rupees and entered school, and began with his letters among little boys of five or six years of age. But it was not long until he had pushed his way up into the higher classes. His honest, straightforward, manly ways soon won teachers and classmates, and he was beloved and honoured by all.

As soon as he was able to read he began to study the Bible and to attend our church services regularly.

In one of our meetings he sought the Saviour, and soon after asked for baptism and joined the church. He never disappointed us ; but his strength of character and habits of life have convinced us that there is many a noble boy hidden away in Hindooism, who would be useful and good if he only had a chance.

After getting a good common education he asked to be allowed to learn a trade that he might earn his own way. He entered the dental office of our American dentists, where he was trusted with the most valuable treasures necessary to that work ; and never betrayed his trust. He asked to live in a small outhouse connected with our place, saying he never would leave me. And he often said :

"I never could bear the thought of causing you a sorrow, for if I were your own son I could not love you more." And he had a mother's love in return, and this relation covered over eight years.

Sometime ago a young man came to us, a Hindoo, and asked for baptism. We questioned him as to his reasons for forsaking idolatry. We asked him if he read the Bible ; he said no. Had he heard of Christ ? He answered :

"I work in the same office with Rogonath, and I know only what he has taught me of Christ. But what has impressed me is his life. I have never known him tell a lie nor take a thing that does not belong to him. He is kind and good to all, and I believe in the kind of religion that he has. It must be the true God that he worships."

And we found Rogonath was preaching Christ by his daily life. He never was known to use tobacco, and his life has often been, in this respect, a rebuke to American and English young men who come from Christian

lands. His habit of saving his earnings and the care of his clothes, and his bodily cleanliness were traits of character which greatly pleased us. His conscientiousness in the matter of marriage and other relations in life would be worthy of imitation for many born in Christian lands. The one he chose for his wife, and whom we gladly gave him in marriage, was a girl born of heathen parents, as he, but brought up in a Mission school—taken in as a motherless babe. She is a lovely woman and delights in helping others. She has been trained as a nurse and cares for our sick (see photo), and proved a devoted wife.

Rogonath often testified to his faith in Jesus and of the peace of God that filled his heart. India's greatest need is the light of just such a life and the influence of such a home as he had established. And yet consumption fastened its deadly grip upon him, and soon did its work. He had been in the hospital sometime but only grew worse; so he asked to come home to die. A few days before the end came he said to me:

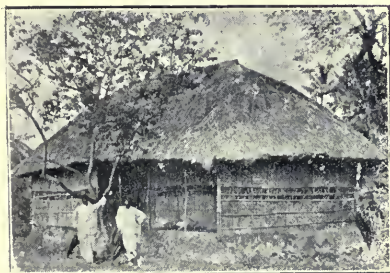
"I promised you I would be a true son to you; and I have tried to be. I do not understand why God is taking me but I die with you, and will be waiting at the gate of Heaven to meet you when you come." He then made over his Savings Bank Account to his wife and asked God's blessing upon her for her faithfulness to him, and said:

"Would you not like to bake me a few cakes once more?" She did so and when she brought them to his bed-side he said:

"Oh, an angel has been here and fed me and I feel stronger. Do you not see him yonder? I do not need to eat any more." And shortly afterwards he fell asleep in Jesus. As we stood over his bier we thanked God



ROGONATH'S WIFE.



A NATIVE HOUSE.



A GIRL CARRYING WATER.



that He ever sent him to us, and that we had the honour of filling a mother's place to him, and rejoiced to know that he is to be among the jewels gathered from India.

And now we press on to find and save others, and as many as God permits. It will be added joy in Heaven to meet our Indian girls and boys and men and women God has helped us to lead to Him. Would that more of our friends at home knew the privilege of aiding in such a service !

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## CHAPTER XV.

### A JEWEL FROM THE JUNGLE.

Only a peasant girl away off in India, the land of teeming millions who bow down to idols made of wood and stone. Only a common work girl where the highest of womankind are only men's slaves, and of little use; while others are but little better than beasts of burden. She is sad and thoughtful. Her father had forsaken them years before; and her mother, too poor to get her married, had allowed her to grow to womanhood without the Hindoo farce of wedlock. And because she was grown and unmarried, she was all but an outcast.

Her mother was now trying to sell her to any man who would take her. How could she escape such a fate? was the question often in Bindu's mind. She was carrying bricks one day with other women, when she saw a missionary lady pass by with Bible and hymn-book in hand. A longing to know the sweet-faced woman, so different in dress and looks from those about her, and a desire to hear the words she was reading caused Bindu to leave her work and draw near. The words that fell from the missionary's lips were like water to her thirsty soul; and she came again and again. Soon she poured out her story of sorrow to the missionary:

"After hearing God's commands how dare I go into such a life as my mother is planning for me? Do take me away to school where I, too, can learn to read." After further teaching she became firmer in her purpose. The relatives became concerned and took her



BINDU.



away for sometime, trying to settle her in life. But everything failed, and Bindu returned home saying:

"The Lord has fought for me. I am sure He will open the way for me to become a Christian." The missionary was going on sick leave. The morning she left Bindu came and said:

"If you do not take me now you will not find me when you come back." Her friends, mother and brother were sent for, and she declared her purpose before them all. Her elder brother said she was of age (sixteen) and she could do as she pleased. So she came away and was put into our school. She dearly loved her mother, and the parting was severe. For a few days she was homesick and unhappy. One day I asked her,

"Bindu, why did you leave your people and come here?"

"I came to find Jesus about Whom I had heard; and to learn to read, so that I might read His Word."

"Yes, and when you find Jesus, He will take all this homesickness and unrest out of your heart and give you His peace."

She attended all the meetings until it was our day for fasting and prayer. In the early morning meeting Bindu was the first of a number of girls who avowed their determination to seek Jesus that day. God's Spirit was present and worked in many hearts. What a blessed day we had! At three o'clock, in our praise service, the first one to rise was Bindu. With a face beaming with joy, she said:

"I have found Jesus. He has taken all the sin and sorrow away, and filled my heart with peace." And the girl who had been taught all her life to worship idols now stood before us a saved soul. I shall never forget her face. Many were touched by her looks and

with her simple testimony. From that day Bindu was a changed girl. She had victory in her life, and in our meetings was always ready with a sweet testimony for Jesus. At one time she said :

“My heart is full of God’s blessing. I have but one sorrow, and that is to see the other girls reading their Bibles when I can’t.” At another meeting she said :

“I have had such blessing to-day ; and God has told me in my heart that He will bring my mother and brothers from Hindooism to serve God. Now, girls, pray that He may bring them soon.” We were all so impressed with her face as well as her words, that we knelt at once and united our prayers with hers, for the Lord to go to that Hindoo mother and brother and lead them to forsake idols and come to Christ. Next morning a lady who had known her and her family called and asked to see her. I sent for her ; and she told Bindu that her brother had joined the class of inquirers, and that her mother was coming to the Mission House for instruction. Bindu clapped her hands and almost leaped for joy. She said to the other girls :

“Ah, the Lord has heard before we asked Him.”

Soon after her mother and brother came to see her, and, eating with her, broke their caste. They remained several days with us. Bindu brought her mother to every meeting ; and, in her own simple way, spent much time in teaching her. When the mother was leaving to return to her village, she sent for me and said :

“I have seen Bindu for myself, and she has found something which none of us have ; and I want to have that same peace. And when Bindu is baptized I want to be, too.” Bindu remained in school, studying hard that she might learn to read. In sickness and in health she has manifested the greatest patience and wonder-

ful faith in God. She asked to confess her Saviour in baptism and said:

“Now I must work and pray till my friends and relatives all become Christians.”

Very few people ever have such an even and blessed Christian experience as Bindu. Once she came to my room weeping and asked to see me. Her usually bright, happy face was so sad I asked what was the matter. She said:

“Oh, I have grieved my Saviour. Someone took a part of my rice and I got angry and pushed my plate from me. Do you think God will forgive me again?” I gave her the text “If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.” And we knelt and told our Father all about it. Soon she arose forgiven and went away happy. This is the only time in three years that I ever knew her to do any wrong.

When the revival came she did not need to be “warmed up”; she was ready for work, and was the most faithful in prayer of our Praying Band, and led many to Jesus. It was blessed to see her work night after night at the altar among the seekers. One evening when deep conviction came upon the audience and many sought and obtained the baptism of the Holy Spirit, Bindu was kneeling inside of the altar with her face turned upward. Many had been testifying to the wonderful blessings they had received. Bindu, without rising from her knees, with a face full of the light of Heaven said:

“I have heard during the meetings a great deal about the Holy Spirit. To-night I came here and told the Lord I did not know what it meant; but if there was more for me than I had received to give it to me, and prayed that He might baptize me with His Holy



Spirit. And He has come and fills my soul until my very body tingles."

Her life grew more beautiful from that day. Especially have we noticed her untiring labour for the conversion of other girls. You would find her every day apart somewhere praying, and often planning to lead some girl into the light; and many blessed conversions took place through her efforts. When she heard that on account of illness I would have to leave for America, she slipped up to my sick-room the last Sabbath before I left. She stood weeping quietly, and at last said:

"Why is God sending you to your own land where the people are good(?) and you are not needed, when we need you so much? You were going with our Praying Band to my village, and O how I do want our village people to be saved! and now we can't go." I comforted her by saying God made no mistakes, and it was for some good purpose.

"You know, Bindu," I said, "people in my country are not all good. May be God wishes me to tell them of what He has done for you and others in this blessed revival. Then, too, we can't take any more girls like you into the school for want of room. May be He wishes me to tell others of our need and bring back with me money to put up the new building," Her face brightened as she said,

"Well, *mem*, when God gives you the money for the new building will you build in it a room for prayer only?"

Here is a girl only three years out of Hindooism asking for a prayer room when most of us of Christian lands seem unable to find time to pray, let alone plan for a place of secret prayer. I have learned from this girl many lessons of faithfulness in prayer. No wonder



God uses her as He does. She has since been back to her village, and met much opposition from some. But let us pray with Bindu until her whole family shall become Christians. Yes, until the many girls and women of India shall know the blessed joy and peace in Jesus, which Bindu has found. How many of these women are waiting for someone to tell them! Who will go to them? Who will say, "Here am I, send me?"

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### FRUITS OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

A desire for a higher education increases and colleges are springing up all over India. Among the most important are Mission Colleges. Some of these in the city of Calcutta contain more than a thousand students, nearly all of them are Hindoos and recognized as worshippers of idols. It has been a question as to whether the results from higher education justified the expenditure of men and money entailed. I am glad for those I have known who are the fruit of such work.

Some years ago a native Bengali gentleman, with a face full of sunshine, greeted me saying, "I hear you have come to work among my people, and I come to bid you welcome." I asked how he became a Christian, and with tearful eyes and with much feeling he told me the following: "I have had two great experiences in my life. I was a student in Dr. Duff's college, studying law: My father and mother were strict Hindoos and very religious. I determined not to listen to the reading of the Bible in school and always closed my ears. One day there was a lively discussion between the students and professor, and the students seemed to be winning on the side of Hindooism. I listened with great interest. The professor made the assertion, "There is no Saviour in Hindooism." He said that our gods were sinful, and our sacred books a record of their vile deeds. And being sinful themselves could not save us from our sins. This one thing took hold upon me and undermined



KALI CHARAN BANURJI.



my faith in Hindooism. The more I thought of it, the more wretched I became, for I felt I was a sinner and needed salvation. One day a friend loaned me a tract which was the Beatitudes. I read it again and again, and in reading it my heart was comforted. I asked my friend where I could get a copy of the tract. He told me it was all in the Bible. I at once bought the Bible and began to read day and night, and I must say that before I was enabled to understand that Jesus was God I was greatly helped. After a few months I knew Jesus as my Saviour and was wonderfully converted. I was twenty years of age, but it took me two years to break all ties and come out and be baptized. You do not know how much it costs to leave all friends and give up all you have. I am sure any Hindoo who is willing to be baptized from among the higher castes is truly converted or he could never do it. Soon after I became a lawyer and for several years in that capacity did, as I thought, the best I could to live right. But there was much in my life that was wrong. It seemed such a little thing to just sign your name, and thus I often sanctioned things which displeased God, and soon found he had turned his face away from me. I loved money more than I did God. The Holy Spirit was true to me, and showed me the need of entire consecration of myself to God, and a conviction that he wished me to work for him took possession of me. While in this state I would spend hours rolling on the floor in agony of soul. But God never left me until I had given up everything to Him, willing to be used by Him as he saw best. Then the baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon me, and filled me. I wish I could tell you what it was like. I then began to preach, and have now a large mission among my own people with about thirty workers helping me.

and God is greatly blessing our work. Glory to His name !”

This gentleman is highly esteemed by all who know him, and greatly beloved by his own people. He is the author of a number of our sweetest Bengali hymns, a heritage which he has bequeathed to the Church of Christ in India.

Another name loved and revered by all, Hindoos, Mohammedans and Christians alike, is the name of Honourable Kali Charan Bannerjee, also a convert from Hindooism, and from the Brahmin caste. He, too, was one of Dr. Duff's students. He was a young man who was struck with the beauty of God's Word. Every student was required on entering the class-room to read a portion from the Bible, allotted for the day. At the close of the reading Dr. Duff explained some verse in an earnest, impressive manner, which took hold of the young man's heart and conscience. He and two other student friends used to spend the evening hours until late at night reading the Bible, and discussing the Christian religion. They felt Hindooism was a false religion, and they must forsake the traditions of their fathers and accept Christ.

They prayed together and one night young Bannerjee took off his Brahminical cord, the sign of his caste, and said he would never wear it again. Being weary he fell asleep and had a vivid dream of seeing his mother in great grief and attempting to take her own life because her son had become a Christian. He awoke in a fright and put on his thread again. He felt he could never give his mother such sorrow nor endure the persecution and ridicule it would entail. And yet he was wretched and unhappy.

He finished his college course with honour. Again

and again conviction was so great he would determine to break away from caste and the chains that bound him, and become a Christian. He was married to a young girl, as is their custom. He thought she would never come with him and would be counted a widow if he became a Christian. One night he determined to go next morning to the missionary and ask for baptism. He got up early and went by a pond of deep water. Standing on the bank he slipped the Brahminical cord from his body and cast it into the water where it soon sank out of sight forever. It took all the will power he possessed to do it. He was baptized soon after confessing the Saviour in Whom he had long believed. His two students friends were baptized sometime before him. All three of them fruit of Dr. Duff's work in India.

He went back to his home and lived in the family, eating separately, on account of loss of caste, being true to Christ in all his life, and praying and working for the conversion of the other members of the family. His wife, at first, would not consent to become a Christian; but by kindness and love he won her. She would cook for him and lived with him sometime before she yielded completely. Their first child, when a baby, was baptized before the mother had come out from Hindooism. The people were impressed with his earnestness and firmness and never attempted to injure him in any way. His wife finally was baptized and united with the church of which her husband had been a faithful member. They lived together and brought up their children to serve the true God.

Mr. Bannerjee has been a leading man in Calcutta for years. He was full of loving deeds and interested in everything that pertained to the welfare of India. He worked side by side with the missionaries, doing every-



thing he possibly could to reach his countrymen. He, with a company of missionaries, established a meeting in a square of this city in the centre of the colleges where students in great numbers used to spend their evenings. Every Sunday afternoon for twenty-five years, Mr. Bannerjee was present at that meeting; and large throngs would come to hear him. We have known, in the rainy season, a crowd to stand on the pouring rain with umbrellas over them while they listened to the earnest pleading of this humble follower of Jesus as he told them of His power to save, and of the joys that were to be everlasting which he himself had received on becoming a child of God. A number of men, especially from the student class, have been converted and fill useful places in life as a result of that open air meeting.

After Mr. Bannerjee's death I heard a senior missionary say, that this one man was worth all that had been spent on Mission Colleges.

Some friends have thought that work among the higher classes was a waste of time and that we should devote our whole time to the low castes and outcasts and reach the higher through them. But after many years of work I feel convinced that the Lord sends us to all classes, and wishes us to sow beside all waters. He says, "Go and teach all nations to observe whatsoever I have told you"; and if we faithfully sow the seed and do the teaching the Lord will see that this work shall not be in vain. His power is able to break down the barrier of caste and power of a false and ancient religion and deliver this beautiful land. He saith unto us, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give thee the kingdom." So we work on knowing in the end victory will come, and the nations shall unite to "crown Him Lord of all."

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE REVIVAL. HOW IT CAME.

Nineteen hundred and six was surely our Jubilee Year! "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongues with singing." This is true of us. It will take all eternity to praise God enough for the gracious revival sent to us that year. For months before we had prayed with increased faith and deep longing for God to pour out His Spirit in full measure upon us. We noticed the same experience came to a number of our best Bible women, teachers, and a few of our older girls. We then divided up the girls of the school and began to pray for them by name. In fact the spirit of prayer was the first token we had of His coming. We began with a day of fasting and prayer on the 9th of February. And the revival burst upon us in power on Wednesday, February 14th.

The house was full of prayer, many praying audibly and crying and sobbing on account of their sin. Soon God's blessing fell upon us, and a great number were brightly converted and testified with joy to the change which had come to them. A teacher who had been one of our best and most faithful Christian girls was all broken up and wept and prayed for hours. She said God had been showing her little sins in her life that she before had not thought of; and she wished to be completely free and filled with the Holy Spirit. She soon

found what she was seeking, and what a power she has been since in working among the other girls!

One who came from Hindooism about two years ago and had been converted for some time sought this blessing; and, kneeling inside the altar, with a face radiant with heavenly joy, said:

"I came seeking to be filled with God's Spirit, and He has come and fills my soul. My very body tingles on account of His power that has come upon me." Others sought and found the full blessing and at once began working and praying for others.

One little boy about twelve years old was wonderfully blessed. The other boys hooted him and made fun of him, but he took two other boys of his age and started a praying band, praying three times a day for the other boys, that God would save them from cigarette smoking and other worse sins and bring them into their band. They worked and prayed until most of the boys of his age in the school were converted.

One of our boys from the hills of Assam, of the Dasse tribe who have no written language, was converted. He was about twenty-one years old when he came to us, an opium eater and user of tobacco. He gave up both in one day although it almost cost his life; but in a few days he was well and strong again, and has tasted neither since. He can now read and write Bengali, and is planning to take a primary course of medicine and go back to his own benighted race. He had shown no signs of spiritual life; and I have my doubts if he had ever prayed excepting to repeat the Lord's prayer, until during the revival. He began to pray and finally went to the altar. Next evening he came back with his testimony written out in Bengali which he read before a large audience, telling of the darkness that had been

in his soul, and how God had forgiven him and now he wished to go and tell his own degraded fellow-countrymen of the Saviour who could deliver them from awful habits which have been their ruin. It was touching to hear him as he pleaded for his people both in prayer and in his testimony. His face had in it a new light and his life a new purpose.

During the revival one of our exhorters (a young man with an exceptionally clean life) bathing in a tank and taking cramps was brought out insensible, and was only restored to consciousness with the greatest difficulty. When he returned to the meeting he told the people that God had permitted this to happen to awaken him from his lethargy, and that he had been convicted of many things in his life unknown to others; and that as he came back to life God said to him that as he had been under the water, and came up what seemed to be a dead man, he must now be dead to sin and immersed in and filled with the Holy Spirit; if not he was useless as a worker for Christ. His testimony touched every heart and in a moment God came in power; and hearts, hungering for purity and to be filled with the Spirit crowded about the altar and soon received by faith the blessing they sought. Many were set apart by Him and filled with His Spirit, and were ready to go forth and carry the revival fire to other places.

We did go to villages and other towns taking our prayer band with us. Some of these young men and women were a power in leading the people to Christ. One young man whom we called our "weeping prophet" would lie outside of the church on his face and cry and pray for the village while a glorious meeting would be in progress inside. Some so hard and full of blasphemy



whom we would give up, he would pray for all night, and God answered in a wonderful way.

Throngs of women would come to the altar for prayer, covered with charms and wearing the iron bangle, that special charm, supposed to keep their husband alive. Their children in their arms wore bits of wood or leaf attached to their bodies to keep off evil spirits. God came into their hearts, drove away the darkness, and gave them His peace. They stripped off the charms and relics of idolatry and left them at the altar and with faces full of joy gave praise to Him who had set them free.

Oh, it was blessed. God seemed to open the windows of Heaven, and came down to us as I never experienced in any land.

May God continue to fan this revival fire He has so graciously kindled into a great flame until it spreads all over India, yea, all over this sad, needy world and let us see a great and blessed in gathering before the coming of the blessed one in His glory.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BOY AND THE BICYCLE.

Nathio was one of our famine boys. He came to our home in Calcutta with nine other boys, nearly starved, and covered with sores. We knew very little about him. His parents, brothers and sisters had all perished in the famine. How he escaped, it was hard to say, a day or two more on the famine field, with no food or water, and the wolf hunger would have added another victim to his thousands of innocent children. But Nathio reached us in time and gradually grew strong and well, and began to work and study for he was a boy of fourteen when he came. He learned rapidly, and was a nice quiet boy who did a great deal of thinking and kept it to himself. I found it difficult to gain his confidence to the extent of knowing what he did or wanted to do, or where he had been. A mother who cannot win her boy so as to have him confide in her, telling her of even his wrong doings, is handicapped. I felt I was unable to help Nathio for this reason. He grew to young manhood, seemed as far as we knew to be trying to do right, but I often felt anxious about him. He would take part in our boys' meeting on Sunday evening, just a little home meeting I held for the oldest boys, but never seemed to receive a definite experience. Two years before the revival reached us, a young man was visiting us and hired a bicycle for a few days. One morning we went down stairs and found it broken. The fifteen or more boys who lived with us were called, and

I asked who had broken the bicycle, but no one knew anything about it. They acknowledged that no outsider would take it out and after breaking it return it to its place. I asked each one if he had broken it, but all of them denied it. "Now," I said, "boys one of you has done it, and if that boy is not careful he is going to let this bicycle keep him out of Heaven." During the two years I often asked about the bicycle, and as often repeated my warning, "Be careful, boys, that bicycle is going to keep some one of you out of Heaven."

The blessed revival had come. The Lord was pouring out His Spirit upon our people. Many were being converted, and all were receiving great blessings. Still Nathio hung back and did not seem to take part, and looked very sad. After two weeks of great blessing had passed and nearly all of the boys, not converted before, had professed conversion, one evening Nathio went from the back of the church and knelt at the altar. The others gathered about him, sang and prayed with him, still he was unable to pray. His heart was hard and nothing seemed to move him. I prayed with him awhile, then asked him what was in the way. He made no reply, seemed dumb.

At last I said, "Nathio have you given up everything wrong?"

"Yes," he said, "I believe I have."

"Have you confessed everything, is there anything you ought to make right?"

He did not answer for awhile. I pressed it still more earnestly, "Nathio, what is it?" I said, "God is ready to receive you, forgive you and make you His. What is in the way?"

"Oh, it is *that bicycle*," he said desperately!



BENGALI SCHOOL BOYS.



"Yes, what about it?"

"I broke it," he said, "and it has come near keeping me out of Heaven, and then too I have been smoking on the sly. There I have confessed it all now."

We were all praying earnestly for him, when suddenly he sprang up and left the church, and we were greatly troubled for him. Next evening as soon as the invitation was given he went forward before a large audience. He knelt a few moments, and then rising to his feet, began to tell the bicycle story. He also told them that the evening before he was so burdened he felt he could not stand it longer so left the church, but did not sleep in the dormitory that night with the other boys, but took his bed into the kitchen alone. He got up two or three times in the night to pray. Finally he said, "Oh, Lord I will not go to bed until Thou dost forgive me and bless me, and God soon came and filled my heart with His forgiving love, and I have been so happy all day." He is now one of our most faithful Christian boys, but that bicycle came near keeping him out of Heaven.

Sometime after his conversion he was married and God gave him a girl baby, and Nathio had a happy little home. He came one evening and finding me alone said, "Mauuma, I am not feeling well. I believe I am going to die."

I said, "Oh, no Nathio, God has given you such a nice little home. Why do you think you are going to die?"

"Oh, from a guilty conscience. My sins have been so many and sorrow of heart is going to kill me."

"But if you have repented God will forgive you."

"Yes, but there is so much I have not confessed, and many things I have not made right. It would take me hours to tell you."

There was agony in his face as he told of the wrong use of money, taking that which did not belong to him and of other sins, and he writhed in agony as he poured out his heart to God. He then took what money he had saved and paid back that which he had wrongfully taken, and with a broken heart threw himself upon God, and the Lord gave him peace.

There are more people than Nathio who are kept away from God, Heaven and blessed usefulness by a bicycle, or some other thing in their lives which they are not willing to confess and forsake. Oh, what joyous freedom comes when we have yielded all. For God says, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Reader are you free, if not what is in the way? Ask God to show you and help you to get rid of it. Then when you are free, help us in leading others to the Son of God, who alone can make men free indeed.

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BABIES FROM THE RUBBISH PILE.



NATHIO'S BABY (THE ONE TO THE LEFT.)





## CHAPTER XIX.

### WAS IT FOR THE MASTER? A REVERIE

(Mrs. Lee had been very ill,—went close to the border. When she came back a little she wrote what follows. In a personal note accompanying it she says:—  
“The accompanying is my message to my friends. I am better, able to be about again—but in ‘facing things’ these were my thoughts: ‘It may help others to face the reality of living. My missionary friends are much in my thoughts these days.’”

Those who knew Mrs. Lee’s devotion to her work and her splendid services to the cause will be best able to appreciate the humility of soul shown in this heart-searching reverie.—(Editor Indian Witness.)

“What! the sun going down? The day done so soon? Why, I thought there were several hours yet to work for the Master in His pleasant harvest field! Can it be the night is come and life is o’er? And yet, why need I fear? I belong to Christ.”

“Yes, soul, very glibly dost thou use that oft repeated phrase. Yet look back over the years. Is it true that thou hast belonged to Christ? If so, for whom hast thou toiled? Begin with thy childhood days and view life o’er.”

“Yes, I know those days were full of foolishness and my wayward soul wandered many years in forbidden paths. But do I not remember well the day, yet in early years, when I knelt at the altar of God and with tears bewailed my misdoings and inbred sin; and did I not see the Saviour on the cross for me, and hear

Him say, 'Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee,' and with joyful heart that day did I not consecrate my life and all to Him?"

"And has it been *all* for Him, O soul? Come on down the years and see."

"Ah, but did I not at once begin to work for Him? Although oft the days were marked with failure, I do confess. And yet was there not another time when I heard the voice of God say, 'Go as my messenger into the dark places of the earth.' And did I not at last obey; and, forsaking home, friends, native land, and that dearest to every young heart, go where He sent, daring to become a vessel, which should be holy unto the Lord? Did I not present my body a living sacrifice and come to bring glad tidings to others of His wondrous grace?"

"Oh, soul, was it a *whole* sacrifice, and did you use your body and its strength *only* for Him? Remember, you are not your own, but bought with a price. And your body did you carefully keep for the Master's use? How about its health?"

"Oh, yes, I have tried to spend its strength for Him. Recreation we must have."

"Yes, but what about that recreation—was it always of the nature with which the Lord is pleased? Some times was not the game so violent as oft to do harm instead of restore and build up strength; and was not your young pride often dominant and spirit a little unkind? Was the controversy at such times such as to help spiritually? Granted other Christians do this: so do the world. Was it *all* for the Lord, and would not moderate and regular exercise in God's grand universe of nature afford more real joy and strengthen both soul and body?"

"But what about pastime?"

"Yes, soul, as you stand at the end of life do you think now you have had *too much* time when there was so much that might have been done for your soul and those of others?"

"But, I did try to work for the Master even in the youthful years. I knew I was paid by sacred money and must give an honest return of toil as well as carry His message to all around, would I in His sight blameless stand."

"Oh, soul, again look carefully. Was it *all* for Jesus? Might you have not done more real work for Him had you carefully sought His guidance in each little detail? Was not time and strength often misspent in things not important? And as you stood here and there before the people was that oration the result of man's might and eloquence or the power of God's Spirit? If the latter, why so little fruit, so few souls for Him? Ah, if you had fallen and the epitaph so often found on the tombs of the labourers had been over you, 'Killed by over-work,' in God's searching gaze would that have been true? I fear, like too many others, death would have been due to other causes and not on account of too much work for Him."

"Yes, with bitterness of soul I see how little has been *only* for Him."

"Again look: have you eaten and drunken, and whatsoever you have done has it been all to the glory of God? Have you not done homage to other gods, and has appetite not been one? Has not taste preferred the dainties which can only clog and not give nature strength and vigour? And then, because Christians do, have you not, like the world, sometimes turned night into day; and those hours which should have been spent in rest

and communion with God to prepare for the day's duties—how *were* they spent? Could you say *All* for His glory?"

"Yes; true, I am guilty there. But should not Christians mingle with others for their good?"

"Granted. But, oh, soul, how many in this way have you won for Christ or strengthened for life's battle? Count them true, and tell how many."

"I fear I am again undone. And how oft after—the day has been full of lethargy and failure. Yet how hard to be honest and say for this cause the Master has poor service to-day!"

"Again look, soul, at all the past. Have you always dressed to please the King, or the world?"

"Yes. I know. Yet others dress so."

"But in one who is *all* the Lord's should not the world see some *outward* sign, too? Though neat and nice one should be, have not much time and money been misspent that you cannot call *for Him*?"

"Then your conversation,—has it in all manner been holy, and are you ready to reap in judgment the result of each word?"

"Ah, here I have failed, and I lay my mouth in the dust and cry, 'Lord, overrule the words of my mouth. Call back the influence of the thoughtless, foolish jest and sometimes the word, that stung with bitterness. Oh, that my lips always carried only messages for Thee!'"

"Then again look down the years. Do you remember the day when you stood a young bride before the altar of God? You belong to Christ, but on that day when you gave yourself to him of all the earth you loved the most, did you also give your God your whole being to be used of Him, and as He ordered without reserve? And then when your Father placed on your brow the best



“ TO OTHER LITTLE ONES AS WELL.”



“ WAS I WORTH SAVING ?”



of all diadems, and sent one after another His precious jewels for you to keep for Him, are you sure, as the little ones gathered about your feet, there was no word or look of impatience to show that you were tired and restless under the burden and restraint? Did not some friend (too often a foe in disguise) tempt you to murmur with the oft heard taunt, 'Why are you burdened so? You have made a slave of yourself for life.' Never mind the weary nights, the days of toil, the knowing so little of the outside world—your time to reign and sway the scepter for God and the world was then. Was that home to those young hearts a Heaven upon earth, full of love and joy; and did you, the queen of the realm, make it so?

"Did they find there every child's rightful inheritance: a true home, a shelter from temptation; and in mother a guide to heaven?"

"Oh what can I say? Thou knowest how each one was loved and to my heart most dear. But alas! we mothers do not see our opportunities nor count our blessings till they are past. Oh, if the years could roll back again and bring my jewels all to me once more, with God's help I would do more—not so much with them as myself—to be always gentle and loving, kind and true to the most sacred trust in all my life bestowed. But into Thy keeping I give it all, Lord, cover with Thy mercy wherein I have failed to be kind and good, not only to them, but to other little ones as well, needy and neglected ones, so oft unheard, unseen in this sad world."

"But, wait soul, once more. You who of music are so fond—have you always found your pleasure here in that which alone pleases Him? Do you know that the choicest and best of all is found in the realm of sacred

music? Have you not turned aside and, even though by Christians given, gone to places where, on looking around, you seemed almost lost; for, judging from sight and sound, you were surely in the wrong assembly? Why need Christians borrow from the world for entertainment when the "Hallelujah Chorus," "Jerusalem," "The Holy City," and many more such are written by the best composers? Ah, soul, you went in hunger, longing to hear the angels sing. Did you come out fed, enraptured? No, but as you drew near yon hall and heard rise and fall that glad melodious song from many hearts full of God's love and praise did not your hungry spirit catch the strain and join with a glad hallelujah, which lifted your soul up to God? Was not this true music and the best until you shall indeed hear the angels sing?"

"Ah, true. Why are we so slow and blind? Too oft even in the house of prayer and praise, my lips have moved but my heart was not there. Oh, God, forgive; and tune my heart to sing Thy praise. I have really prayed so little and yet wondered why the harvest was not greater! Was it because it was not all for Him? And was there in my heart love for the world and self? Was this the cause for so little agony with Christ for the world's sorrow and souls unsaved? And this is why the Spirit did not come and make it glitter with golden grain!

"Yes, the sun is fast sinking in the rosy west; and I see loved hands beckoning me home in the far away upper blue. I turn to the Master and say, I am sorry I have to bring so few sheaves and grain so poor when I had hoped to hear the glad 'Well done.' But one offering I do bring—which, dear Lord, Thou wilt not refuse: that of a broken and contrite heart and turning

away from the filthy rags of my own righteousness I do consecrate myself again, and let the hours remaining be many or few, by the help of Thy glorious power, I will be *all* and *only* for my King."

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